Saturday Review

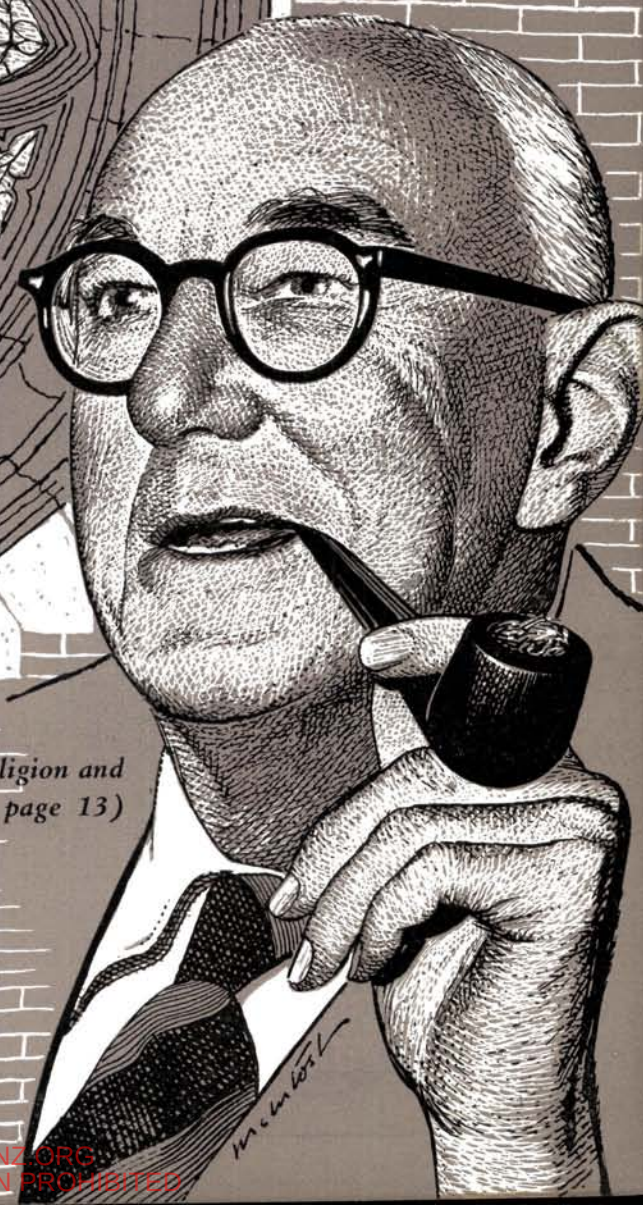
OCTOBER 11, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

A LITERARY FIND:

THE CHARACTER OF GARRICK

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

OCT 9 1952
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY



W. T. Stace, author of "Religion and the Modern Mind." (See page 13)

Billy the Kid:
Faust in America

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For richness of perception, for mastery of complex form, and for a confrontation of the most dismaying facts of life, along with the most rewarding and heartening, there is nothing like USHANT in contemporary literature. It is perhaps Aiken's most complete creation: poetry in the sense that *Moby Dick* is poetry."

—Lewis Mumford

Conrad Aiken's
USHANT

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NARRATIVE

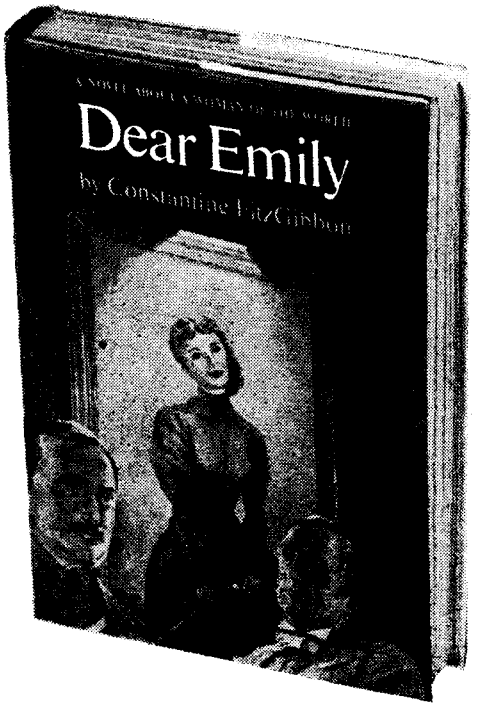
An invention in form comparable to the work of Laurence Sterne or James Joyce, USHANT adds a new dimension to modern literature. It may be called a novel, an autobiography, a confession—any one of these. It is a remarkable book—perhaps the most complete *mis-à-nu* of Modern Man—a revelation as uncompromising and unsparing as its author's attitude toward art. This is how Conrad Aiken came to be, and there is such a magnificent surge and movement to the writing that USHANT stands as a crowning achievement of the very career that it tells about. $4.50

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE · LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

dsp dsp dsp dsp dsp dsp dsp

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A fine new novel by *Constantine Fitz Gibbon*



DEAR EMILY is a beautifully venemous story about a woman of the world who is rich, cultivated, exquisite — and about as loving as a barracuda.

It is the third work of fiction by the young Anglo-American, Constantine Fitz Gibbon, whose every novel has been a literary event.

When his first, *The Arabian Bird*, was published in 1948, critics asked (in the words of the British Evening Standard) "Is Fitz Gibbon a meteor or a new star in the firmament of fiction?" The answer came, a year later with the publication of *The Iron Hoop*. The New York Times said, "A work of art. Such virtuosity in the second work of so young a man is amazing."

Mr. Fitz Gibbon's virtuosity continues to be amazing. His new novel is in a different mood than either of the previous ones. It is like them, however, in one respect: first reviews (quoted to the right of this column) indicate that *Dear Emily* has that rare combination of dramatic entertainment and literary quality that makes an evening spent with a novel a special event.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: *"There have been many memorable portraits of women, and some of the best have tantalized the reader persistently.* DEAR EMILY *is one of these. Her story, told with a combination of love-hate and literary finesse, is deadly in its effect—and fascinating."*

NEW YORK TIMES: *"In some ways* DEAR EMILY *reminds one of the Maugham type film. Mr. Fitz Gibbon is a deft practitioner of the* Quartet-Trio *school. Occasionally he outranks the master."*

DEAR EMILY

BY CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON

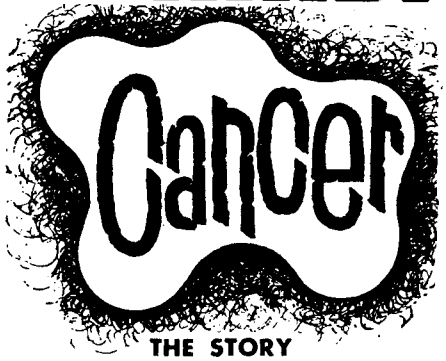
$3.00 at all bookstores. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is there a cure for cancer?... Is it on the increase?... Is there hope for the future?

The Authoritative Answers to your questions about Cancer!

MAN AGAINST



THE STORY OF CANCER RESEARCH

By Dr. I. Berenblum

What's happening today in the battle against cancer has been misconstrued through hysteria, doubts, and faulty knowledge. Now, at last, an expert who has spent his life in cancer research reveals for you the most up-to-date, authoritative knowledge that scientists have discovered about a dread disease — what it is, how it is diagnosed, how it is treated.

Written in straightforward, non-technical language that anyone can understand, this is a fascinating, hopeful record of the gains of medical pioneers in fighting for a healthy world.

$3.00 at your bookstore — or we will rush you a copy of this vital book if you order from

The Johns Hopkins Press Baltimore 18, Maryland

The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 11, 1952

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
After a Photograph by Hugo Harper

SR/IDEAS

BILLY THE KID: FAUST IN AMERICA, by Marshall Fishwick....11
DAVID GARRICK & SIR JOSHUA, by Frederick W. Hilles....20
THE WELLSPRINGS OF AMERICAN POLICY: An Editorial....22

SR/BOOKS

RELIGION AND THE MODERN MIND, by W. T. Stace
Reviewed by Paul Arthur Schilpp....13
THE EXISTENTIALIST REVOLT, by Kurt F. Reinhardt
THE EXISTENTIALIST, by James Collins
Reviewed by Charles Frankel....14
PRISONER OF GRACE, by Joyce Cary
Reviewed by James Gray....16
THE PARADISE BELOW THE STAIRS, by André Brincourt
Reviewed by Henri Peyre....17
ACT OF PASSION, by Georges Simenon
Reviewed by Harrison Smith....17
HOME IS UPRIVER, by Brian Harwin
Reviewed by Harriette Arnow....18
THE MARCH OF THE HERO, by Richard Lee Marks
Reviewed by Frederic Morton....19
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, by J. M. Thompson
Reviewed by D. W. Brogan....25
USHANT, by Conrad Aiken
Reviewed by W. T. Scott....26
THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS, by William Saroyan
Reviewed by Oscar Handlin....27

SR/THE ARTS

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes....28
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Hollis Alpert....31
TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace....32
MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin....33

SR/DEPARTMENTS

TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf....6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR....24
LITERARY I.Q....34
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton....38
LITERARY CRYPT....41
IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr....42
THE FILM FORUM....44
GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by Mary Gould Davis....45
THE CRIMINAL RECORD....46
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 968....51

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 41, Oct. 11, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good News

▶ About 500,000 lives have been saved in the forty-year history of the organized national safety movement in the U. S. From 1900 until 1913, an average of almost 75,000 persons per year were killed in accidents—a rate of eighty-five deaths per 100,000 population. If that same rate had prevailed in each of the next forty years, the roll of dead would have been swelled by a half-million more victims.

▶ Seven months have gone by since the Central National Bank of Yonkers, N. Y., instituted the system of allowing customers to make their own small change on an honor system. Bank officials have proclaimed the plan a success and said it proved both the honesty and accuracy of the bank's customers. The self-service plan will be continued.

▶ Italy has initiated a medical consultation radio service for air passengers of all nations. Doctors experienced in the maladies that afflict air passengers will be available at a radio listening post in Rome at all times. Major airlines throughout the world, and all those traveling in the neighborhood of Italy, have been told how to make contact with this station.

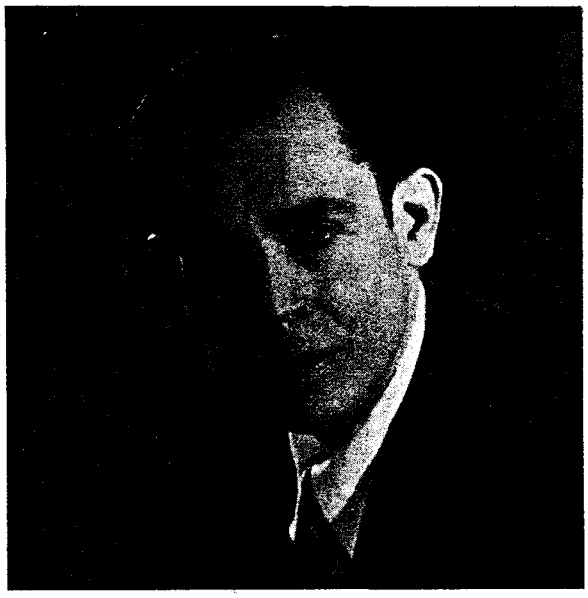
▶ The N. Y. State Commission for the Blind has trained and found jobs for more than one thousand sightless men and women in the last five years. Cost of the service, about $330,000 a year, is shared by the state and the Federal Government. Vocational training is offered free to those who cannot pay all or part of the expense, but it is offered only to those who can be made employable or self-supporting.

▶ The National Geographic Society reports that although some 2,700 earthquakes per day jar the earth, only about 100 a year are sufficiently strong to do serious damage.

▶ Four Polish nuns who were mistreated and then expelled from China by the Communists have been granted permanent residence in the U.S. Congress passed, and President Truman signed, a measure waiving immigration laws for the nuns.

▶ Compulsory education has been ordered for Viet-Nam children between the ages of six and fourteen years. Henceforth, each child must attend school for at least three years. An intensive literacy drive is also being prepared for the country's adults—60 per cent of whom are unable to read.

ARNOLD GARR



ARTHUR COREY

offers you a

Personal Introduction to GOD

With a Foreword by BASIL WOON

Former Literary Editor, San Francisco News

Shall Science, which spawned the frightening Atomic Age, destroy humanity, or save it? That is the inescapable question which haunts even the man in the street, and which Arthur Corey undertakes to answer in this genuinely powerful new book. With a rare genius for reducing profound scientific and philosophic truths to simple, popular statement, the author goes beyond the findings-in-common of the greatest thinkers of the age, following through to precipitate a conclusion as startling as it is inevitable.

Unlike anything before written, *Personal Introduction to God* is no portentous tome, but it is done with a dramatic skill which makes it as absorbing as a topflight novel. It can hardly be read by anyone without mounting excitement and a sense of fresh and vital discovery on every page—because it answers the questions everybody asks, in language everybody can understand.

Just Published. $3.00

A BANNER BOOK

On Sale at Bookstores Everywhere

EXPOSITION PRESS INC.

386 FOURTH AVE. • N. Y. 16

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American College Dictionary contains Chlorophyll

Regular edition, $5.00
Thumb-indexed, $6.00
At all bookstores,
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

It's All Mental

The Howlingly Funny Cartoon Book that Kids the Pants Off Psychoanalysis!

$1

A daring, devastating satire on freudian foibles in 45 saucy cartoons and sizzling captions by the world-famous artist, Marcel Vertès. Pass it around at your next party and listen to the howls of laughter—it's the freshest and funniest slant on the couch-cure yet, a book even mind-menders will enjoy. At all bookstores and better psychiatrists, or clip $1 to this ad and mail with your name and address to: Tudor Publishing Co., 221-4th Ave., New York 3

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In the NBC studios and at Harper's, plans are being perfected for the one-and-only Tallulah Bankhead's simultaneous debut as an authoress and a TV actress. She will star in NBC's "All Star Revue" on October 11, just as copies of her autobiography appear on the bookstalls—a happy day all around. Incidentally, Miss Bankhead's intimates were even happier when a zoo took over from her a highly questionable household pet and playmate, a lion cub that she called "Winston Churchill." Strong men quailed when Winston came round for a romp. Once he almost bit off Noel Coward's left hand. Tallulah thought Coward's shriek of alarm was decidedly unsporting. "Don't be a spoilsport," she jeered. "Can't you see that Winston is just teething?"

• • In London, Angus Wilson's first novel, "Hemlock and After," created something of a sensation. It has just been published here by Viking, although another house sponsored two preceding books of short stories, "The Wrong Set" and "Such Darling Dodos." In private life, Wilson has had ample opportunity to study the tastes and peculiarities of the reading public. He is Pooh-bah of the Reading Room at the British Museum.

• • In Arlington, Vermont, a revival of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's play "Tourists Accommodated" is the outstanding event of the season. When Mrs. Fisher first wrote this play she asked her neighbor and friend, artist Norman Rockwell, to play a part in it. "I'd like to oblige you, Dorothy," said Rockwell, "but shucks, the minute I walk out before an audience I lose my voice completely." Mrs. Fisher fixed everything—as she invariably does. She wrote in a part for him of a man who was suffering from laryngitis. All he had to do was mumble; his wife interpreted his "remarks." Rockwell played it to the hilt.

• • In Huntington, West Virginia, waggish pundit Page Pitt asked a druggist for some aspirin tablets containing chlorophyll. He was suffering, he explained, from a stinking headache.

• • In Philadelphia, Lippincott is readying "The American Twenties, a Literary Panorama," compiled by the *Herald Tribune*'s John K. Hutchens, a grade AA columnist and littérateur, and despite deplorable allegiances in major-league baseball, one of the nicest guys along Publishers' Row.

• • In Cambridge, Mass., the late and well-loved Harvard prof. Charles Copeland once invited some of his favorite students to his chambers for a bull session. A sophomore asked, "How does one go about learning the fine art of conversation?" Copey lifted an admonishing finger and said, "Listen, my boy." After a moment's silence, the student said, "Well, I'm listening." Copey said, "That's all there is to it."

• • In his introduction to the forthcoming "Bedside Book of Humor" (Ives-Washburn), P. G. Wodehouse digs up from the Talmud a passage that should cheer those souls who labor to make people laugh:

> . . . . and Elijah said to R. Berokah, these two will also share in the world to come. R. Berokah then asked them, "What is your occupation?" "We are merrymakers; when we see a person who is downcast we cheer him up."... These two were of the very select few who would inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

• • In the May 1952 issue of the *New York Certified Public Accountant,* Viking's wizard with figures, Charles Margolin, has contributed a concise summary of accounting prac-

tices in the book publishing business that should be "must" reading for everybody in the industry, and revealing to outsiders interested in its problems. Copies may be obtained at 677 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, at fifty cents apiece.

• • In the L. S. Ayers's book department, in Indianapolis, Charles Condon overheard a clerk trying to sell a lady a copy of "Through Charley's Door." "Who's Charley?" asked the customer. "He's a fellow who was the doorman at Marshall Field's for many years," answered the clerk. "It's too

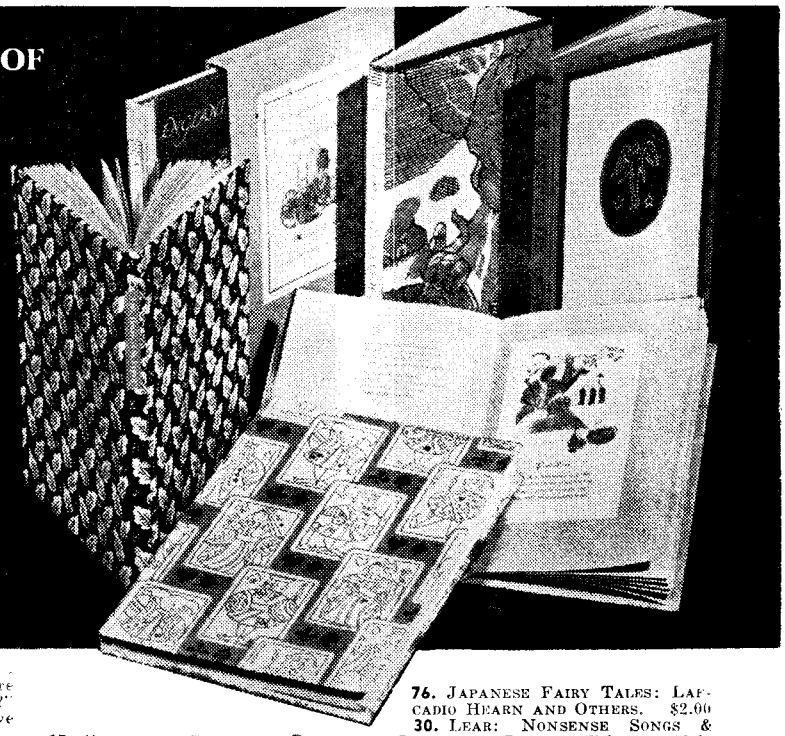
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE PETER PAUPER PRESS OFFERS SOME OF

The most beautiful gifts in the world

FOR YOUR FRIENDS . . . FOR YOURSELF

. . . yet they're only $2 each



IF YOU CHERISH FINE BOOKS, here are some unusual collectors' items . . . little aristocrats of the book world . . . made with patient and loving care by master craftsmen whose motto is not "how many?" but "how fine?" Unless you have seen and handled some PETER PAUPER PRESS books, you have no idea how gay and delightful a book can be.

Each volume is unique . . . the best texts, printed in fine types on exquisite papers . . . with decorations or engravings in subtle colors. Each title has a colorful decorative binding. Each makes a perfect gift in fine taste.

The prices of these fine books are unbelievably low, because we print them ourselves in our own printing plant. And our policy, unchanged from our beginnings over twenty years ago is: *The finest books we can make, at prices anyone can afford.* ....

Act quickly. Stock is limited on many titles. Send us your order now, to avoid disappointment. Use the convenient coupon below for prompt delivery *anywhere* in the country.

COLLECTORS' AND GIFT EDITIONS, ONLY $2.00

EACH OF THESE FINE BOOKS *comes with a slip-case (except 51) and all are distinguished bookmaking of a type unique in this country.*

86. AQUINAS: WISDOM OF. A selection for the layman. $2.00
14. BHAGAVAD-GITA. The Holy Book of India. Oriental illustrations. $2.00
72. BLAKE: SONGS OF INNOCENCE & EXPERIENCE. Decorated. $2.00
2. BOCCACCIO: Tales, retold in verse. Gay illustrations by Floethe. $2.00
3. BROWNING, ELIZ. BARRETT: SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE. $2.00
3X. *The same, in full leather.* $5.00
4. BROWNING, R.: POEMS & LYRICS. The best of this amazing poet. $2.00
5. BUNDLING: Its History and Practice. Gay treatise. Roth cuts. $2.00
6. BUNYAN: THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Original wood-cuts. $2.00
7. BURNS: SONGS AND POEMS. With handsome binding, decorations. $2.00
8. BYRON: LOVE POEMS. A delightful collection with decorations. $2.00
11. CARROLL: HUNTING OF THE SNARK AND OTHERS. Illus. by Watson. $2.00
51. CHERRY TREE CAROL. Delightful picture-book by Jeanyee Wong. $2.00
81. CHESTERFIELD: LETTERS TO HIS SON. With silhouettes. $2.00
12. CHINESE LOVE POEMS. A unique text, decorated by McPharlin. $2.00
82. CHINESE PHILOSOPHY. Confucius, Mencius, Lao-Tzu, etc. $2.00
83. CLEMENS: JUMPING FROG & OTHER STORIES. McKay illus. $2.00
13. COLERIDGE: ANCIENT MARINER, etc. Wood-engraving. $2.00
74. DICKINSON, EMILY: LOVE POEMS & OTHERS. All her best lyrics. $2.00
16. DONNE: LOVE POEMS, ETC. A famous book, beautifully printed. $2.00
18. DREAMTHORP & OTHER ESSAYS by Alexander Smith. $2.00
20. FRANKLIN: POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK. With wood-cuts. $2.00
21. FRANKLIN: ON THE CHOICE OF A MISTRESS, etc. Herb Roth cuts. $2.00
22. GRAY: ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD: Complete Poems. $2.00
23. HERRICK: SONGS & LYRICS. Witty, piquant verses. $2.00
77. HOPKINS, GERARD MANLEY: POEMS. The great poet-priest. $2.00
15. THE HOUND OF HEAVEN, etc. An inspirational anthology. $2.00
24. HOUSMAN: A SHROPSHIRE LAD. Decorations by Aldren Watson. $2.00
26. KASIDAH OF HAJI ABDU. Verses of an Oriental philosopher. $2.00
27. KEATS: POEMS, ODES, LYRICS. All the great lyric poems. $2.00
75. KIPLING: BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS, ETC. With F. Kredel cuts. $2.00
29. LAMB: ROAST PIG AND OTHER ESSAYS. Illus. by R. Floethe. $2.00
31. LIBERTINE LYRICS of the 18th Century. Illus. by A. Amour. $2.00
32. LINCOLN: FAMOUS SPEECHES. With portrait. $2.00
37. MARCUS AURELIUS: THE MEDITATIONS. Decor. by P. McPharlin. $2.00
38. MILTON: L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO, other poems. Greek decor. $2.00
45. PETER PAUPER'S EPIGRAMS. Decorated by Susanne Suba. $2.00
33. PETER PAUPER'S LIMERICK BOOK. A jolly collection. Roth cuts. $2.00
42. PLATO: SYMPOSIUM ON LOVE. Shelley trans. Greek decor. $2.00
43. POE: COMPLETE POEMS. Wood-engravings by Mueller. $2.00
44. PSALMS OF DAVID: KING JAMES VERSION. Angelo decorations. $2.00
46. ROSTAND: CYRANO DE BERGERAC. Illustrations by Simon Greco. $2.00
47. RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Persian borders, illustrations. $2.00
47X. *The same, in full leather.* $5.00
49. ST. FRANCIS' THE LITTLE FLOWERS. Illus. by Valenti Angelo. $2.00
50. SAPPHO: COMPLETE SONGS, in variant translations. Decorated. $2.00
52. SHAKESPEARE: THE SONNETS. One of the supreme books. $2.00
53. SHELLEY: POEMS & LYRICS. A companion to our Keats. $2.00
79. SPECTATOR PAPERS: ADDISON AND STEELE. $2.00
73. TENNYSON: POEMS AND LYRICS. The best of Tennyson. $2.00
55. UNCENSORED ANTHOLOGY: Poems of Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath. $2.00
57. VOLTAIRE: SATIRICAL DICTIONARY. Delightfully witty. $2.00
58. WHITMAN: LEAVES OF GRASS, A GATHERING. The best of Whitman. Decorated by J. Steuart Curry. $2.00
85. WHITTIER: SNOW-BOUND AND OTHER POEMS. Bewick cuts. $2.00
59. WILDE: BALLAD OF READING GAOL & OTHER POEMS. Wood cuts. $2.00
61. WORDSWORTH: POEMS, LYRICS & SONNETS. With Bewick cuts. $2.00

SPECIAL FOR CHRISTMAS, $1 EACH

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE GIFT BOOKS *gaily illustrated. Order in quantities at only $1 each.*

204. A BOOK OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS. With music. Boxed. $1.00
205. DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL. Gay illustrations by D. McKay. $1.00
210. HOLIDAY COOK BOOK. Fine collection of recipes. Gift box. $1.00
211. HOLIDAY DRINK BOOK. Yuletide refreshment. Gift box. $1.00
212. HOLIDAY GOODIES. Mouth-watering recipes. With gift box. $1.00
220. THE OTHER WISE MAN, by Van Dyke. The beloved story. Illus. $1.00
215. THE ROADMENDER. Inspirational classic. Wood cuts. $1.00
216. ROWDY RHYMES. A free-wheeling collection of verse for men. $1.00
221. WORLD'S BEST LIMERICKS. Funniest and broadest. For men. $1.00

UNUSUAL GIFT BOOKS

91. THE HOLY BIBLE FOR YOUNG READERS. New Testament. Illus. by Fritz Kredel. Certainly the most beautiful children's bible. $3.50
92. FESTIVE COOKERY. Unusual dishes for festive occasions. Beautifully illustrated. Washable cover. $2.50

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

54. A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS, by Cl. Moore. A. Watson illus. $2.00
78. CHRISTMAS WITH MR. PICKWICK, by Dickens. Kredel illus. $2.00
80. OLD CHRISTMAS, by Washington Irving. McPharlin decorations. $2.00

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

1. AESOP'S FABLES. A new translation. Old engravings. $2.00
9. CARROLL: ALICE IN WONDERLAND. With the Tenniel illustrations. $2.00
25. IRVING: RIP VAN WINKLE & SLEEPY HOLLOW. Illustrated. $2.00
76. JAPANESE FAIRY TALES: LAFCADIO HEARN AND OTHERS. $2.00
30. LEAR: NONSENSE SONGS & LAUGHABLE LYRICS. With cuts. $2.00
34. LONGFELLOW: EVANGELINE. A classic. Illustrated by Moyers. $2.00
35. LONGFELLOW: HIAWATHA. Indian decorations by Angelo. $2.00
39. MOTHER GOOSE BOOK. All the best poems, illustrated. $2.00
56. UNCLE REMUS STORIES. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. $2.00
60. WILDE: FAIRY TALES. Fanciful stories, illustrated. $2.00

DE-LUXE ARTISTS' EDITIONS

LARGE BOOKS, *comparable in all respects to fine limited editions selling at several times their cost. They have fine types, fine paper, beautiful bindings with slip-cases; and notable illustrations by leading book artists.*

101. A. KEMPIS: THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. The famous Whitford translation, illustrated by Angelo $3.95
102. BACON: ESSAYS, CIVIL AND MORAL. Complete. $3.95
103. DEFOE: ROBINSON CRUSOE. With illustrations by Floethe. $3.95
104. EMERSON: ESSAYS. Wood engravings by H. A. Mueller. $3.95
106. FRANKLIN: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Illustrated by Lufkin. $3.95
107. KORAN OF MOHAMMED. For Western readers. Illus. $3.95
108. ST. AUGUSTINE: THE CONFESSIONS. Angelo illustrations. $3.95
113. SHAKESPEARE: THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. A striking quarto edition, with dramatic cuts. $3.95
114. STENDHAL: ON LOVE. Illustrated by Robert Greco. $3.95
109. SWIFT: GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. The unexpurgated text, designed and illustrated by W. A. Dwiggins. $3.95
110. THOREAU: WALDEN, or Life in the Woods. Illus. by Watson. $3.95
111. VOLTAIRE: CANDIDE, OR THE OPTIMIST. Illus. by F. Kredel. $3.95
112. IZAAK WALTON: THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. Beautiful wood-engravings. $3.95

FANTASTIC AND CURIOUS

222. COOKING TO KILL, by Ebenezer Murgatroyd. A parody cook-book for strong stomachs. Illus. $1.00
93. COTTON MATHER ON WITCHCRAFT. Quaint old wood-cuts. $3.00

STOCK LIMITED ON SOME TITLES. MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Brand new!

90. Recipes Mother Used to Make. A beautiful, flavorful, sentimental gift cook-book. The very best of the good old-time favorite recipes. With pink-and-white candy stripe, washable binding. Amusing illustrations throughout in color. $3.50

PETER PAUPER PRESS, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Please send me the books whose numbers I have written below.

.....
.....
.....

Name .....
Please PRINT plainly

Address .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

☐ I enclose $..... (Add 10¢ postage on each book. *We pay postage on orders of $10 or more.*)
☐ Please send C.O.D. (Postage extra)
(Coupon may be sent to your own bookseller) SR-9

PETER PAUPER PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hot to read about doormen," decided the customer. "Haven't you got a novel about air-cooling?"

• • In the Community Church, Miss Janice Farrar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Farrar, was married to Peter Weeks, formerly of the Library of Congress staff and now a member of the faculty of Menlo College, Calif. Carmen de Arango, of Greenwich, is the new Mrs. Robert Giroux. And in Bedford Village, Mrs. Jane Flores, daughter of Mrs. Cass Canfield, became the bride of Pvt. John Cowles, Jr., son of the Minneapolis publisher.

• • In Chicago, there's something in the air that makes ex-newspapermen crave to tell all. Four former drones of the *Chicago Daily News* are striving today to see who will be first at the wire with his autobiography: Carl Sandburg, Vincent Starrett, Ben Hecht, and Bob Casey.

• • In Baker Street, the bones of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson are being dusted off for reincarnation by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's son, Adrian, aided and abetted by John Dickson Carr. And since the first Sherlock Holmes volume contained twelve stories, the new collaborators will further tempt fate with precisely the same formula. (Before returning to Holmes, Adrian Doyle will chronicle some of his own hair-raising adventures in "Heaven Has Claws," due in the spring.)

• • In Glendale, California, writes ace columnist Matt Weinstock, a husky lad entered John Valentine's book store and purchased two leather-bound Bibles. "One of them," he explained, "is for myself, the other for a guy at our shop I'm trying to convert. Gambling is rampant there and this fellow is the ringleader." As the clerk wrapped the volumes, she remarked, "I hope you succeed in converting him." "I do too," said the purchaser. "They've laid me five to three I can't."

• • In *Harper's,* Gilbert Highet, brilliant author, professor of Latin, and husband of novelist Helen MacInnes, has replaced Charles Poore as chief book critic. Highet is top-drawer, but this column will miss the pungent comments of Mr. Poore. Incidentally, why does the *Times* use him so sparingly? It's like having a Stan Musial on your squad and only sending him in as a pinch-hitter against right-handers.

• • In Nevada, the largest retail book outlet in the state is situated in Vir-

ginia City (Pop.: 400). Most in demand: volumes by local citizens Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Lucius Beebe, and Charles Clegg. Name of outlet: The Bucket of Blood Saloon.

• • In Atlanta, Harry Shaw, formerly of Harper's college department, has been named new executive vice president of Tupper and Love, charged with masterminding their expanding publishing program.

• • In Pocatello, Idaho, a couple browsing in Perry Swisher's Book Arcade came upon ten copies of the new edition of Frazer's "Golden Bough." "Wonder why they stock that book so heavily?" observed the wife. The husband surmised, "Probably a local author."

• • In Kingswood, England, Somerset Maugham spoke at the formal opening of two new wings of Heinemann's sprawling Windmill Press, assured

CERF'S Newest!

Bennett Cerf's newest laugh winner is just as good as his "TRY AND STOP ME" and "LAUGHTER, INC." — in other words, TOPS in its field

Good for a Laugh

Latest book by the famous publisher, editor, lecturer, columnist, and television panelist — a brand new collection of hilarious tidbits and anecdotes from aardvark to zythum. With 30 outrageous pictures by Doug Anderson.

Only $2.00

Wherever books are sold

HANOVER HOUSE • New York 22, N. Y.

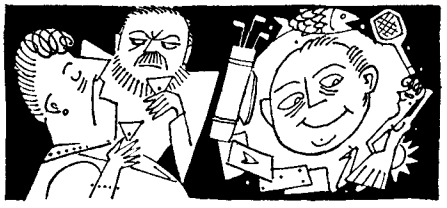
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other writers present, "Stay with the same publisher. I have been with Heinemann for fifty-two years and the long partnership, I think, has been satisfactory to both parties. I have been able to keep the wolf from the door, and Heinemann has been able to erect these sumptuous buildings."

• • In Stewart Holbrook's "Far Corner," the staff of the Portland, Oregon Public Library was delighted to come upon this paragraph on page 113:

> One of Portland's glories almost a century after its founding is the Public Library. It is fortunate that it has been a continuous heir to the noble collections of books brought around the Horn by many of the city's early settlers. As these literates aged and died, their books went to the library, often accompanied by substantial amounts of cash. Mr. Carnegie's help was never needed to make Portland's the incomparable public library in the Northwest.

• • In London, John Steinbeck told a reporter from the *Daily Express* about an encounter between his esteemed contemporary, Ernest Hemingway, and a lady who cornered him at a cocktail party. "Mr. Hemingway,"



she announced stridently, "I was terribly disappointed in your last full-length book." "Did you buy it, Madam?" asked Mr. H. "No, as it happens I borrowed a copy." "Ah," said Mr. H. calmly. "Then who the hell cares?"

• • In a New Bedford newspaper, a literary critic looking for a vacation haven on Cape Cod came across a classified ad that he found strangely alluring. It read, "Perfect beach house for your stay on the Cape: fishing, golf, tennis, canasta, and Bridget."

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic (No. 967)

W. HARD:
A MATTER OF FIFTY HOUSES
(From a Poem entitled "A Robbery")

The usual silence of the village street
Was punctured by the staccato explosions of a gasoline engine
Sawing wood back of the store.
The steady putt would change to a slower tempo
As the saw took hold of a piece of body maple.

Here's what happened in Beaumont, Texas, when the first great American gusher roared in.

January 10, 1901. Oil was spouting a hundred feet above the derrick out on to the hummock that the world would soon know as Spindletop. Overnight, Beaumont became a bedlam.

The population doubled and doubled again. In hotels and boarding houses men slept in relays, twenty to a room. Speculators made fortunes and lost them in the gambling hells at the turn of a card. Oil sold for 3 cents a barrel; water brought $6 a barrel. Silver dollars were stacked like cordwood in the banks and railroad stations, to be scooped up later with shovels for counting.

Spindletop is the true story of this oil discovery that changed the world—of the events leading up to it and the boom days that followed . . . the true story of a great adventure and the men who took part in it.

Spindletop

By JAMES A. CLARK and MICHEL T. HALBOUTY

At all bookstores, $3.95. **RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.**

The thriller bargain of the year

INTRIGUE

The great spy novels of

ERIC AMBLER

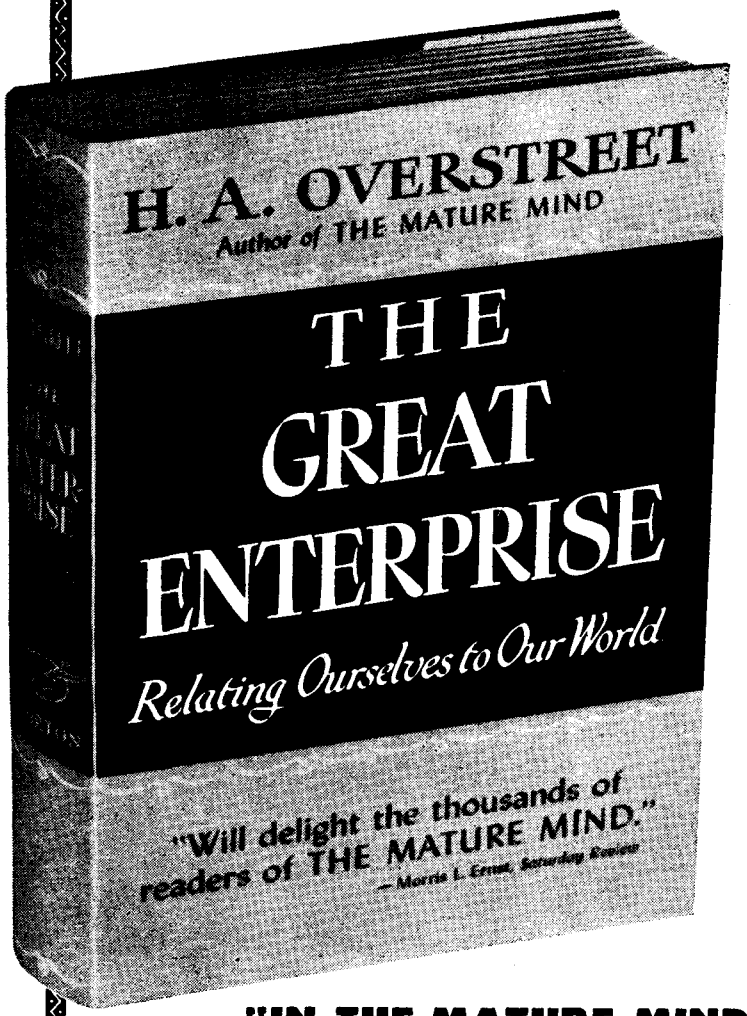
JOURNEY INTO FEAR

$3.95 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?


H. A. OVERSTREET
Author of THE MATURE MIND
THE GREAT ENTERPRISE
Relating Ourselves to Our World
"Will delight the thousands of readers of THE MATURE MIND."
—Morris L. Ernst, Saturday Review

Millions of readers learned from H. A. Overstreet's THE MATURE MIND how to free themselves from the painful and crippling trap of emotional immaturity. They found a road out *and* a light to see it by. CLIFTON FADIMAN called it "a book for every American citizen who wishes to move toward wholeness of life." DR. DANIEL A. POLING described it as a book "which shows us how we can become mature and how this maturity can move us into a new world of confidence and authority." And GERALD W. JOHNSON, in the *N. Y. Times Book Review,* called it "an excellent prophylactic against the pandemic hysteria of the times." These precise estimates were confirmed by readers across the nation.

There were, and are, many fundamental truths to be discovered in THE MATURE MIND. But among them all, as so many readers have realized, one is paramount. That is that after gaining maturity you don't just sit with it. Maturity, in other words, doesn't "keep." Like freedom, like democracy, it exists only in action. And that is why the readers of THE MATURE MIND asked for, and got, THE GREAT ENTERPRISE.

"IN THE MATURE MIND DR. OVERSTREET EXPOUNDED THE CONCEPT OF MATURITY. IN THE GREAT ENTERPRISE HE INDICATES HOW THAT MATURITY SHOULD BE APPLIED"*

"This is a book which will delight the thousands of readers of Harry Overstreet's THE MATURE MIND . . . wise, temperate, and calm . . . He outlines what he calls the most needed enterprise of our age — to discover how to create an environment in which the generous and constructive pattern of personality — one that relates itself affirmatively to all its fellows — will become the predominating pattern of our culture . . . By example, preachment and the spread of wisdom he hopes that man will boost himself into a better world. Such faith, such hopes will be welcome words to many."
—MORRIS L. ERNST, *Saturday Review*

"Subtitled *Relating Ourselves to Our World,* this is a splendid sequel to Overstreet's best seller, THE MATURE MIND . . . full of psychological truths . . . highly stimulating . . . highly rewarding to the thoughtful reader . . . always interesting, especially in the study of the five barriers that prevent us from relating ourselves to our world."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"More than anything else, his book ends on a note of hope . . . If reactionaries would read it, it might give them pause; if progressives would read it, it would give them confidence."
—EDWARD A. LAYCOCK, *Boston Globe*

4th PRINTING! $3.50 *at all bookstores*

**Philadelphia Inquirer*

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY *"Books that Live"* **N. Y. 3**

Coming November 21: **FLEET ADMIRAL KING: A NAVAL RECORD**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 11, 1952

Billy the Kid: Faust in America

The Making of a Legend

MARSHALL FISHWICK

Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil,
But I have lost all peace of mind . . .
—Goethe's "Faust."

Billy the Kid, he met a man
Who was a whole lot badder.
He didn't kid. Now Billy's dead
And we ain't none the sadder.
—Western Ballad.

BILLY the Kid went straight to hell, and knew just what he was doing, too. He sold his soul to the devil, having killed twenty-one men before he was twenty-one—not counting Indians and Mexicans. Restless but damned, he roamed the American Southwest, goaded on by fate, living a full life before he was old enough to vote. After the devil had given him his due the law caught up with him; he died just as he should have, with his boots on and his guns blazing. Now he is paying for his crimes in hell. Here, in essence, is the Faustian legend moved to America and retitled Billy the Kid's saga: certainly the most important desperado tale in our culture.

Billy's contemporaries in the Southwest of post-Civil War days understood its importance even before he came to terms with cosmic justice. Legends about him flourished long before a sheriff's bullet snuffed out his life. When Pat Garrett hid in a dark room and ambushed Billy on July 14, 1881, he knew full well he was performing the most important act of his life. He described all the minute details as if he had been involved in some superhuman situation, one which posterity would long remember and debate. He sought political office on the basis of having fired the bullet that got Billy. And by one of history's interesting little turns, he met his death in the form of lead slugs, just as had Billy. The editor of the *Santa Fe Weekly Democrat* closed his account of Billy's death with a paragraph demonstrating his grasp of the Faustian drama involved:

> No sooner had the floor caught his descending form which had a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, than there was a strong odor of brimstone in the air, and a dark figure with wings of a dragon, claws of a tiger, eyes like balls of fire, and horns like a bison hovered over the corpse for a moment. With a fiendish laugh he said, "Ha ha! This is my meat!" and then sailed off through the window. He did not leave his card, but is a gentleman well known to us by reputation, and thereby hangs a "tail."

Yet William H. Bonney was not the type of person one would pick out as a deadly killer. The two pictures extant show a frenzied but not a cunning or diabolic expression. Small of stature, Bonney weighed about 140 pounds and was five feet eight inches tall. He fits the folklorists' category labeled the Unpromising Hero. Unassuming and quiet, he moved like a panther, peering nervously out of gray eyes. His face was long, his hair light brown, his skin colorless, his hands and feet delicate. Dixon Wecter described Billy as an adenoidal farm boy with a rifle, the type visualized by the Western cliché "dirty little killer." Other writers have called him the most desperate white man on the border, and a scourge to his fellow man. But such indictments don't explain why Billy remains the most fascinating bad man in American history, and the basis

—*Culver Service.*

Billy the Kid—"straight to hell."

Marshall Fishwick is assistant professor of American Studies at Washington and Lee University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a whole series of legends and shrines.

One major thing his career points up is that law-abiding citizens get a delicious vicarious thrill from a killer's bloody progress. Movie makers discovered long ago that it was to escape the pettiness of their drab existence, not to see it portrayed or justified, that Americans came servilely to the silver screen. Hero makers knew this centuries before movies were invented. Two contemporary characters who are almost sure to start a conversation in any company are Al Capone and John Dillinger. Spilling a little blood always livens up an evening.

To what extent do the Kid's history and his legend overlap? No one can give a precise answer to this question now. The legendary veneer has all but hidden the historical truth underneath. Today scholars are even quibbling about whether or not "Bonney" was Billy's real name. Tabulating the various claims for the title "Billy the Kid" is a research project in its own right. Despite all this controversy there is no doubt of Billy's authenticity and cussedness. The blood he spilled liberally in the Southwest was real blood, and underneath all the legend there is enough verifiable truth to reconstruct a scant life history.

William H. Bonney was born in New York City (of all places) on November 23, 1859, the son of William H. and Kathleen Bonney. During the Civil War they moved to Coffeyville, Kansas, where the father died. Moving to Colorado, the mother married a man named Antrim, after which the family went to Silver City, New Mexico. After that, killing and Billy became synonymous, and the facts are hard to extract. Billy's first victim is said to have been a blacksmith who insulted his mother. In 1875 the youth and a partner supposedly killed three Indians for the furs they were carrying. In 1877 Bonney turned up in the rugged Pecos Valley, where he was employed by an English rancher and newcomer, J. H. Tunstall.

Quickly he was sucked into the famous Lincoln County war which raged in the 1870's. He probably saw Tunstall killed by a posse of the Murphy faction, and Tunstall's partner McSween shot, Bible in hand, before his burning house. Such sights aroused the latent savagery inside Billy. He became a ruthless killer, putting his rare nimbleness of mind and body to effective use. Stories of his incredible speed and accuracy with a gun began to grow. Some said he practised shooting by picking snowbirds off fenceposts at a gallop. In any case, he definitely picked off Sheriff James A. Brady and a deputy, and refused to accept amnesty when urged to do so by Governor Lew Wallace.

When the warfare died down Billy concentrated on cattle stealing with such success that leading ranchers, headed by John Chisum, persuaded a brave Irishman named Pat Garrett to become sheriff and track down Billy's gang. He managed to capture Billy in 1881, and a jury promptly condemned him to death. But the Lincoln jail could not hold Billy. Despite handcuffs and leg irons he killed his two guards and escaped. Two and a half months later he was trapped at Pete Maxwell's house in Fort Sumner and ambushed in a pitch-black room by Garrett. This is the bald outline of Billy's career as it was written in ink, lead, and blood. The story does not stop there; it goes on, filling books, theatres, and movie houses, and proving a fertile seedbed for the American imagination.

THERE are many stories about the girl Billy was visiting at the Maxwells' when Pat Garrett ambushed and killed him at midnight. The kindest thing Billy's girl friend said to the sheriff was that he was too cowardly to meet Billy face to face; most of the other things are unprintable. Apparently pumping lead into his enemies was not Billy's only accomplishment. "In every *placeta* in New Mexico," attests Walter Noble Burns, "girls sing to their guitars songs of Billy the Kid. A halo has been clasped upon his scapegrace brow. The boy who never grew old has become a sort of smybol of frontier knight-gallantry, a figure of eternal youth riding forever through a purple glamour of romance." Like Faust, whose heir he is, he is sinister as well as gallant, dashing across the plains with his leg thrown across his horse's saddle, an arm protruding from beneath the horse's neck, deadly pistol glistening.

Like the historical Faust who actually lived in Germany, Billy the Kid was not so much invented as endowed with traits of the great folk heroes of earlier cultures. His birth, coming of age, initiation, consecration, "inthronization," and his mysterious death and burial all fit the age-old pattern. Yet the transformation of Bonney's legend into history was not a job for the centuries. Here is a man who jumped from history into legend so rapidly that no one has figured out just what happened. But it does seem certain that four little-known Americans deserve more credit for the transition than Billy himself. This quartet was not of the literati, but this doesn't seem to have hurt them. A fallen politician, a Texas cowpoke, a lawyer who preferred the outdoors to the court room, and an itinerant journalist gave Billy his immortality. Ash Upson, Charlie Siringo, Emerson Hough, and Walter Noble Burns were their names. Hero making was their specialty.

Ash Upson deserves the lion's share of credit in Billy the Kid's apotheosis. He is the major architect of the Kid's legend. He discovered Billy's literary possibilities, sought out the man who killed him, and with him collaborated on the most influential book about Billy the Kid. He raised Billy to an

(*Continued on page 34*)

Without a Word to Say

By Lillian Everts

THEY carried him off in the glitter of a golden casket
and placed beside his head a miniature basket
with a little of this and that and other things . . .
and in the midst of it all—on platinum strings—
his pedigree strung together with his diamond rings
and other negligible clutterings
cherished and stored away as treasurings.

And they carried him off in the glitter of the casket
and placed beside his head the miniature basket—
without a single sound to intimate
his going was too early or too late;
without a solitary word to say
why he lived to live and die that way;
without a sentence or a paragraph
to indicate the need of epitaph—

And they walked away without a single breath
by way of eulogy to mark his death,
except for questions answered in their eyes
dispensing with the wherefores and the whys.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas. Four new books discussed on this and the following page address themselves to the question that today most perplexes the bedeviled human race: What *can* a man believe? Most important of the quartet—indeed, Paul Arthur Schilpp who reviews it below considers it a volume of transcending importance—is W. T. Stace's "Religion and the Modern Mind." In it the Princeton professor who is fast becoming recognized as one of the most stimulating thinkers of our time sets out to answer this related problem: Is there any reasonable and significant place for religion in our modern scientific age? Professor Stace thinks that there is for some kinds of religion and one kind may be mysticism. Some other modern thinkers, both Christian and atheists, place their faith in existentialism, developing it along literary and political as well as religious and philosophical lines. Charles Frankel discusses the broad aspects of this postwar, sometimes cynical thinking in reviewing Kurt F. Reinhardt's "The Existentialist Revolt" and James Collins's "The Existentialists: A Critical Study" (page 14).

Synthesis of an Old Reply

RELIGION AND THE MODERN MIND. By W. T. Stace. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 285 pp. $3.75.

By Paul Arthur Schilpp

IT is not often that a book comes along which is as logically and philosophically sound, as scientifically accurate, as intellectually important, and yet written so as to inform and even entertain the average educated lay person as this latest book from Professor Stace's pen.

Here Professor Stace is trying to answer a question that troubles every thinking man: Is there any reasonable and significant place for religion in our modern scientific age? He finds no easy answer, but that is a strength of the book rather than a weakness.

The upshot of Professor Stace's argument is that the modern age of science is here to stay, at least for any now foreseeable time. In consequence of this fact, the naturalistic interpretation of the world is bound to be dominating *Weltanschauung* for some time to come. But a naturalistic world-view, though inevitably implying the subjectivity of moral values, need by no means lead to moral relativism; in fact, the drawing of a relativistic conclusion from the subjectivity of moral values is precisely the result of some of the absurd notions, held by scientists and philosophers alike, on such matters as free will, determinism, etc. In other words, Stace maintains—and I think he proves conclusively—that an ethical naturalism of subjective moral values leaves plenty of room for a moral universalism based on the demonstrable facts of universal human experience. How Stace accomplishes this astonishing feat, I will leave the reader to find out for himself.

Is there room in such a world for religion? Professor Stace's answer is both Yes and No. It all depends upon what you mean by religion. If you mean the outmoded creeds and dogmas of most of the world's official religions, the answer, frankly is, No, there is no room for such in the modern scientific age. But if by religion you mean the mystical experience of the saint, who in the moment of ecstasy becomes "one with the All," then the answer is, Yes. As Stace puts it: "The essential truth of religion, of every religion, is that . . . there is a way out, a way into the light." Moreover, in this mystical "at-one-ness" with the universe the saint loses all distinction between the "I" and the "you," and thus, in his very mystical experience, reenforces the universal morality of "love for all mankind." Man may live in two worlds. He may live in the world of the rational, discriminating, scientific thinker and analyst. He may also live in the world of the experienced "eternal," not as a notion of unending time, but as one of timelessness, where time and all other distinctions are forgotten. However, the living in this second world, even for the saint, is likely to be only in more or less rare moments of ecstasies. Both worlds lead to universal love as the answer to man's moral problems.

To lay a solid and historically accurate foundation for his argument Stace spends more than one-fifth of the book in showing the contrast—in religion, science, metaphysics, and morality—between the medieval world-

Paul Arthur Schilpp, an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is professor of philosophy at Northwestern University. Professor Schilpp is the author of "Do We Need a New Religion?" "The Quest for Religious Realism," and other books.

THE AUTHOR: At the moment W. T. Stace, professor of philosophy at Princeton, is in Ireland, spending a six-month sabbatical at the University of Dublin, where he is delivering the Donellan Lectures on "Mysticism & Religion." Dublin is not at all new to him. Though born in London (1886), Stace spent ten years in Ireland, between 1898 and 1908, about half of the time at Trinity College. A couple of years after receiving his B. A. in philosophy, he took off for Ceylon and the Ceylon Civil Service. He remained for twenty-two years, his last post being mayor of Colombo. He might be there still had not Ceylon undergone a constitutional shake-up in 1932; civil servants—Stace among them—were offered retirement. Stace chose to leave. From Colombo he dispatched a two-page pamphlet—a job application of sorts—to several British and American universities. By then he could muster a glittering array of credits—"The Philosophy of Hegel," his thesis for a Litt. D., Trinity '29, and "The Theory of Knowledge and Existence" (1932), among others. Of the replies Princeton's was the best—a three-year lectureship. Stace took it. In 1935, he became a full professor. "The Destiny of Western Man" appeared in 1942, a defense of democracy which netted Stace a $2,500 Reynal & Hitchcock prize. In September 1948, Stace wrote "Man Against Darkness," for *The Atlantic*, arguing for naturalism. Quite a few readers "misunderstood it as adopting the position of atheism." Subsequently, in February 1952, Stace published "Time and Eternity," a defense of religion. No retraction of naturalism, it was an endeavor "to supplement it with the other half of the truth which," Stace said, "I think naturalism misses." —Bernard Kalb.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture and that created by the rise of modern science and the triumph of the scientific method and outlook. It may very well be that Stace's greatest contribution lies in his first four chapters, where that contrast is drawn and delineated in important details.

In his analysis Professor Stace lets the chips fall where they may. If religionists and theologians, who perchance may read this book (and it would almost have to be perchance, unless, indeed, they are very hardy souls honestly in search of truth), should complain of having been treated roughly, let them put themselves into the shoes of the scientists and philosophers into whose hands this book may fall! For the latter are not handled with kid gloves by any means. It is a safe bet that from religionists, theologians, philosophers, and scientists alike this book will draw more fire than applause, just because it is so brutally honest in its analysis and so shamelessly frank in its conclusions. It is probably too much to hope that biologists, anthropologists, and psychologists (to say nothing of other scientists and philosophers) will ever stoop to reading a chapter on "God and the World-Purpose," especially when this chapter occurs in a book, entitled "Religion and the Modern Mind." Yet such reading should greatly aid in dispelling a lot of present stupid confusions, particularly concerning such notions as God, purpose, mechanical explanation, determinism, free will, *et al.*

With all the daring of his major thesis, Professor Stace never permits himself to be trapped into claiming more—even for his most important suggestions and hypotheses—than he can prove. Rather, he always clearly distinguishes between what can be demonstrated or proved and what may reasonably be assumed or asserted, even though such assumptions may be beyond the possibility of proof or demonstration.

I do not share Professor Stace's complete identification of valid religion with mysticism. Moreover, it seems to me that Stace himself finally contradicts his own thesis when he tells us that "in the great mystic" "that . . . intuitive non-discriminating mentality," which is "deep down in all of us," "has come to the surface of his mind and exists in the full light of conscious recognition." If the mystic's ecstatic experience is, as Stace repeatedly insists, "ineffable" and "indescribable," it is difficult to see how it can at the same time "exist in the full light of conscious recognition."

But this is a minor point. Taken as a whole, no thoughtful modern man can afford not to read this book, regardless of any question of agreement or disagreement with Professor Stace's conclusions.

Therefore, it is the importance of the problems raised and their unusually precise treatment which make a reading of this book imperative for all who would understand the intellectual direction of our time.

—Press Association, Inc.

Jean Paul Sartre and Mrs. Sartre (writer Simone de Beauvoir)—"mind and sentiment."

Fevered Philosophes

THE EXISTENTIALIST REVOLT: The Main Themes and Phases of Existentialism. By Kurt F. Reinhardt. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. 254 pp. $3.50.

THE EXISTENTIALISTS: A Critical Study. By James Collins. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 268 pp. $4.50.

By Charles Frankel

SINCE the war, a considerable stir has been caused by a movement of mind and of sentiment known as "existentialism." Particularly in France and Germany, it has become a major subject of interest in academic and literary circles, and, on the popular level, it has stimulated a wave of enthusiasm resembling a minor, quasi-religious revival. Existentialism is a movement with the most diverse affinities. It carries with it overtones of the German higher learning and echoes of the Paris café. It has been presented in an abstruse dialectical form by Karl Jaspers, and in essays, novels, and plays by Jean-Paul Sartre. And there is as yet considerable disagreement as to whether it represents a new philosophy or a renewed retreat from philosophy, whether it is an expressive literary response to our contemporary predicaments or only literary posturing.

In these two books, Mr. Collins, who teaches philosophy at St. Louis University, and Mr. Reinhardt, who is professor of German at Stanford, attempt to give an account of this complex movement, and to assess its significance. Mr. Reinhardt pays more attention to biographical detail, and his account throws more light on the stresses and strains out of which existentialism has sprung; but, on the whole, the two books are very similar. Both trace existentialism from its modern origins in Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, and Husserl, down to its modern exponents, Heidegger, Jaspers, Sartre, and Marcel. And both are agreed that existentialism cannot be defined in terms of any common body of doctrine, but rather in terms of its insistent theme—that human existence is radically absurd, and the world human beings inhabit ultimately incomprehensible. Existentialism is not so much a set of beliefs as a style of thought—an insistence on the personal, subjective character of truth, a preoccupation with certain

---

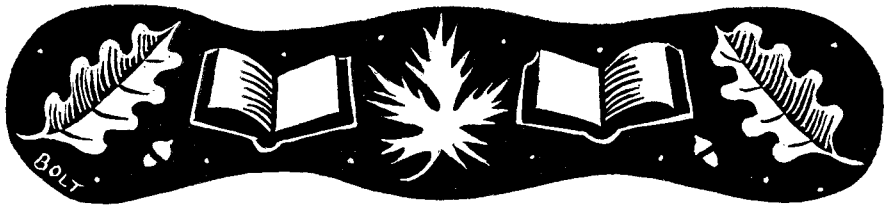
Charles Frankel is associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highly selected kinds of human experience such as loneliness, anxiety, and disgust, a conviction that nothing is more important than man's transcendent desire to be God and nothing more hopeless. Beyond this, the existentialists differ. One group proposes an honest facing of the folly of human existence, and then the "absurd" decision to exist notwithstanding; and it finds in human existence, consequently, the only source of all value and meaning. It is in man's power to be boundlessly free, even though all his ideals are ridiculous fictions and doomed to frustration. Another group looks beyond the absurdity of existence, and the inanity of the world, to a supernatural source of grace, and urges that only a faith in what is beyond man and beyond the world can give order and meaning to the human situation.

Both Mr. Reinhardt and Mr. Collins give scholarly and responsible expositions of these points of view. Unfortunately, however, they do not succeed in throwing much light on a philosophy which is at once recondite in its argument and intensely practical in its bearing. For both Mr. Reinhardt and Mr. Collins seem to think that the major significance of existentialism lies in the possibility that it will complete and correct itself by passing into "true existentialism"—and by this both seem to mean some version of the philosophy of St. Thomas. Indeed, Mr. Collins's and Mr. Reinhardt's critiques of existentialism consist almost entirely in showing that existentialism falls short of this philosophy. Since neither does much more than allude in passing to his reasons for adopting Thomism as the touchstone of philosophic truth, their discussions, after a while, get to seem rather arbitrary. And since both are mainly concerned with the outcome of this intra-mural struggle between "true" and "false" existentialists, rather than with the broader issues which existentialism reflects, the attention of most readers is likely to wander.

In considering existentialism, it is important to keep two questions apart which neither Mr. Collins nor Mr. Reinhardt keep firmly distinguished. The first is the question of existentialism's truth, the second is the reason for its widespread appeal. With respect to the first of these questions, a brief, but I think not unrepresentative, illustration may help suggest the kind of argument on which existentialism seems to depend. "Existents appear," Mr. Reinhardt quotes Sartre as saying, "they are encountered, but they can never be inferentially deduced . . . . There is not the least reason for our 'being-there'."



Thus, as Sartre says, every existing thing is "*de trop*," "superfluous," "absurd." But is it not really a rather simple error to move from the admitted impossibility of showing that the world as it is could not possibly be otherwise (*i.e.*, that no existent can be "inferentially deduced") to the wildly irrelevant implication that "there is not the least reason," no way of explaining, why it is as it is? It is not logically necessary that human beings should have thirty-two teeth; but does this mean that teeth are "superfluous," or that thirty-two is an "absurd" number of teeth to have? "Things have become too easy," Kierkegaard once wrote. "It is time to make them difficult again." Perhaps so; but things have been getting difficult enough by themselves without getting help from the philosophers.

What is significant about such arguments is not simply the abuse of logic and common sense which they involve, but the fact that they lead directly to the inverting of what until now have been commonly accepted intellectual standards. Paradox and mystery become the conclusions of inquiry rather than its beginning; courage and wisdom come to be indistinguishable; and irrational anxiety and the fear of death are recommended as cures for old philosophical errors, and as preludes to the discovery of philosophic truth. Existentialism is not the first philosophy to exemplify Fichte's maxim, "We philosophize out of the need for redemption." But it goes farther than any philosophy in recent memory in affirming that whatever redeems us is true.

Yet it is these very consequences which explain existentialism's appeal. Despite its confusing dialectic—perhaps because of it—existentialism speaks directly and intimately to men who feel lonely and helpless before the play of events. To speak of "the absurdity of existence," to refer to the "inanity of things," are ways of expressing the facelessness of a mass culture which, for so many, has submerged personal relations and made individual achievement seem meaningless and "*de trop*." Existentialism reminds us that even the normal ideals of decent and humble men have now come to seem quixotic, and it represents an effort, at once touching and pathetic, to reinstate the freedom and distinctiveness of individuals.

But it is a reflection of our troubles, and not an answer to them. And even here, one cannot avoid the suspicion that existentialism is off-center, that it has elevated experiences which all of us have occasionally into the permanent and decisive qualities of life. Mr. Collins and Mr. Reinhardt make too little of existentialism by failing to delineate its larger non-technical and human affinities; they make too much of it by taking the experiences out of which existentialism grows at the extentialists' own evaluation of them. For the existentialist stress upon the necessity to be committed, to be "engaged," is, after all, a slight redundancy for most of us, who, even in this age of alleged catastrophe, are already engaged as lovers, parents, job-holders, and citizens. To make such a point of "engagement" in the abstract bespeaks a very special kind of isolation. Despite all its associations with the characteristic moods of a postwar world, one cannot help but feel that existentialism lacks balance and catholicity, and that, in the end, it is the metaphysics of the emotionally unemployed.

Ideas Notes

SIX EXISTENTIALISTS: What is existentialism? Does it contain common threads and themes which give it structure as a type of philosophy? H. J. Blackham, an English philosopher who edits a humanist quarterly, thinks it does and gives us in **"Six Existentialist Thinkers"** (Macmillan, $3), a thoughtful little book in support of his opinion. He appears here neither as critic nor as advocate. He wants merely to discuss the views of six existentialist thinkers—Kierkegaard, Jaspers, Heidegger, Nietzsche, Marcel, and Sartre. To each of them he gives a sympathetic hearing, although it is apparent that he likes least the "oracular obscurity" of Heidegger and most the earnest sagacity of Sartre. Taking them all together they constitute, if not a school, at least a family in philosophy.

In spite of an English reluctance to display enthusiasm, it is clear that for Mr. Blackham existentialism, far from being an hysterical irrationalism, is a

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. If you were among the numerous readers who enjoyed watching Robert Penn Warren develop his theme in "All the King's Men" or admired J. D. Salinger's character study in "The Catcher in the Rye," you should take notice of three novels we review this week. The lust of a politician for power, which Warren's story developed so notably using the American South as its background, is the subject of Joyce Cary's fine novel about contemporary Britain in "Prisoner of Grace" (below) and of Richard Lee Marks's interesting if not quite successful tale of Argentina, "March of the Hero" (page 19). The growing pains of the precocious adolescent which Salinger pictured so poignantly and which was also the subject of an able novel earlier this season (Russell Thacher's "The Tender Age" [*SR* Sept. 20]) is given perceptive Gallic analysis in André Brincourt's "The Paradise Below the Stairs" (page 17). Yet another noteworthy story of childhood, Daniel Doane's "The Crystal Years," will be given its due in next week's issue, as we begin to catch up with the huge fall fiction output.

Cage of Decision

PRISONER OF GRACE. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. 301 pp. $3.50.

By James Gray

JUST when one has come to wonder if the novel may not have become an outmoded and exhausted art form someone appears with a work of imagination that takes a stimulating thrust at the intelligence. The attitudes of Joyce Cary's "Prisoner of Grace" are not strictly new; nor for that matter is the work itself. But there is enough freshness to its hearty cynicism to let a breath of air into the studio where so many young writers seem to lie huddled together in a state of lugubriously tranquilized self-pity.

The theme of "Prisoner of Grace" is one that has been made familiar to us in this country by such novels as Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men." This English version has to do with the gradual corruption of an important labor leader. The very skill with which he turns every occasion to his own account accomplishes his moral undoing. The slightly feminized, thoroughly hysterical Chester Nimmo is so fascinated by his own legerdemain that he sees himself evolve into an artist in treachery without allowing any damage to be done to his self-love. He betrays his constituents, his principles, his friends, his private morality until he sits at last on the ruin of an ideology, smug, sweet, forgiving, and thoroughly evil.

Supporting this public pageant of corruption is a secondary account of moral decay within the intimacy of marriage. It is the theory of one of Mr. Cary's characters that human beings continuously corrupt each other and that the spiritual hazards to which one exposes oneself with wife or husband are inescapably blighting. Certainly the people involved in Mr. Cary's triangle achieve a surprising new variation on the theme of degradation. It would be unsafe to say that this is unbelievable since Freud, Krafft-Ebing, and Kinsey have persuaded us that anything can happen. But it is true to say that the presentation here of shocking matters entirely misses the impact of pity or of terror. This is in part because all the people concerned are intensely unlikable. And it is in part because the woman of the triangle, who is also the narrator of the story, wavers so oddly in her appraisal of values, seeming now as preternaturally shrewd and observant as Mr. Cary himself and again as naive as a soap-opera heroine. Perhaps the difficulty is that our American civilization produces few women as utterly passive as the curious Nina of "Prisoner of Grace" is represented to be. No doubt the native equivalent of Nina would be equally adept in sin, but it is rather hard to believe that her resistance to a perverse authority would so closely have resembled that of crêpe de chine.

From the standpoint of style, the book clatters with challenge. If the parenthesis had not existed Mr. Cary would have had to invent it, so completely dependent upon it he shows himself to be in this book. One of Robert Frost's characters once suggested that "good fences make good neighbors"; similarly Mr. Cary seems to feel that good parentheses make good sense. He forgets that they also make hurdles to jump and that these are hardly aids to smoothness.

But clamorous as it is in the statement of a half truth, "Prisoner of Grace" nonetheless is addressed to the adult mind and it speaks engrossingly. This is, in fact, the book that Sinclair Lewis spent the last years of his life yearning to write. He made one depressing stab at it in "Gideon Planish." Had he been able to set down any such declaration of a lack of faith as Mr. Cary has managed, he might have died a fulfilled, instead of a frustrated, artist.

—Jacket design from "Prisoner of Grace."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fierce Commencement

THE PARADISE BELOW THE STAIRS. By André Brincourt. Translated by Herma Briffault. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 292 *pp.* $3.

By Henri Peyre

THE postwar generation of younger French novelists has not yet displayed the force and originality of the 1940 vintage or of the 1930 one. But names of writers of promise who, at thirty, are already expert craftsmen and sensitive analysts of inner life are gradually being revealed to the American public. Along with Nimier, Zéraffa, Bazin, Gracq, Devault, and Rossi, André Brincourt stands among the brilliant débutants of the last five years. His "Vert Paradis," here translated (the French title was taken from a line of Baudelaire on child loves) won one of the most coveted of the 147 annual French literary prizes, the Grand Prix du Jeune Roman. "Jeune" it is, indeed. Its chief originality is in its power to see and depict life, grown-ups, dreams, and misdeeds from a child's point of view.

François, a thirteen-year-old boy from a "nice" French family, lives in a private universe in which the frontier between fiction and reality is blurred. He is just emerging from childhood, restive under the scolding of his parents, a rebel against his teachers, resentful against his looks of an angelic choirboy, yet very close to the state of grace in which his early years were spent. He yearns desperately for friendship, first thinks he has discovered it when idolizing for a brief moment a schoolmate of his whose ideal was that of a scout. He turns to his elder brother, Gerard, a medical student, who is baffled by the innocence of François and by his uncanny ability to conceal and to lie.

He joins a gang of three other boys at his school, to whom he reveals the paradise below the stairs that he has explored: a cellar with mysterious corridors, serpent-like pipes, furnaces, discarded furniture, an old bed. They play at being outlaws and conspirators, haters of the girls at their school, whom they torment brutally. A new pupil arrives: Myriam, a Jewish girl from North Africa. She is dark and beautiful, gifted in her studies, intoxicated with love poetry and with her hero, the poet Musset, and far more precocious than the boys. She lures François into forbidden caresses and tries in vain to rape the innocent child, who still fears and refuses the world of men. After

Georges Simenon—"inexorable forces."

some strange practices, including nude dancing for the gang in their cellar, she provokes a brutal braggart, bolder than François, into actual sex relations. When later she reveals to them that she is pregnant, François, out of generosity and with the strange loyalty of boys conspiring against grown-ups, offers to pretend that he may be responsible. When questioned, he soon collapses into childish remorse and sobs. Meanwhile the fourteen-year-old Myriam dies tragically while trying to practise an abortion upon herself. The lesson of punishment is learned by the imprudent boys who had stumbled into crime.

The novel is occasionally slow-moving and does not escape the pitfall of a story about schoolchildren trying to grow into adolescents: childishness. The blind unawareness of parents and teachers, unable to enter into the children's world, is almost unbelievable, though real life affords many an illustration of it. The dialogues between the two brothers do not always sound convincing enough and lack conciseness. But the book is in most other respects an artistic success. It is well-written, ably translated, and, without any didacticism or psychological pedantry, it constitutes a most revealing document on child delinquency and on the awkward age when innocence and fairy-like imagination blend with cruel, self-tormenting, and almost criminal impulses. Many parents might read it with profit; other adults, who do not easily resign themselves to the fading away of the child in them, will read it with nostalgia. Few novelists have been able to make childhood thus come to life. It is strange that the French, who long lacked a child-literature, should have written recently so many startling books on children.

Dead as Love

ACT OF PASSION. By Georges Simenon. New York: Prentice-Hall. 238 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

TEN years ago Georges Simenon's detective stories were becoming increasingly popular in this country. He had published two hundred novels in France and had invented a strangely fascinating detective named Maigret, a slow-moving, heavy man who compassionately but remorselessly recreated the mental processes of the murderers he inevitably caught. By the time he had laid his hand on the unknown man he had been pursuing, the reasons for his acts were clearer to him than to the victim whose whole life he had laid bare in the process of discovery.

Then, perhaps inevitably, Simenon decided to abandon the static form of the detective story and write novels of the eternal conflict of good and evil. In Maigret he had personified Nemesis in human form, though a murderer's conscience can be an even more remorseless hunter. In his new phase he has created four or five somber and fascinating novels which might have been written by a psychoanalyst, except that he does not use any of the language or the devices of the psychiatric novel. One might say that in discarding Maigret, Simenon has assumed the personality and the passion for uncovering the truth with which he had endowed his fictional detective. The sufferings and the crimes of the sinner are still there, and also the compassion and understanding which had given a unique quality to his studies of crime and detection.

In "Act of Passion" the criminal reveals his own life and the inexorable forces which compelled him to murder the only woman he had loved. The story is told through the confession, written in the form of a letter to the judge who had condemned him, a hard-working, humane, provincial doctor. It is, in a sense, a horrifying story, and it can be presumed that if he had been allowed to recite it in court the jury and the judge might have released him on the ground that the agonies he had suffered were sufficient expiation of his crime. But he had refused throughout the trial to defend himself or to appeal to a jury which, since it was composed of Frenchmen, might have been lenient to a crime of sexual passion.

Charles was a moderately successful physician in the Vendee, harmless and kindly as a shaggy house-dog,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose life was dominated by his mother and his wife. Every act of his life was controlled by these two women. It occurred to no one, not even Charles himself, that he was capable of love or of a frenzied intensity of passion. One disastrous night he plunged into the maelstrom. On his way back from the hospital of a neighboring city he met at the station a young woman brightly but cheaply dressed. They spent the night together in a wild, ferocious, and almost endless embrace. He knew soon that he loved Martine and that he had never loved before. He introduced this small and strange girl to his home; she worked with him in his office until his mother's and his wife's knowledge of his behavior forced them to leave for a suburb of Paris.

Jealousy of her past, of every small sin she had committed, of the men she had slept with, tortured him. When it was beyond endurance he struck her. She accepted his beatings with gratitude and a tragic submission. But she could not re-create herself; she was what she had always been, a pale, frightened girl, saved by this huge and passionate man from what might have been a prostitute's fate. One night he strangled her to death and sent for the police.

He believed that Martine had a dual personality, or that there were two women in one body. One had been created by her past; the other he had brought to life. "I had to kill the other," he wrote to the judge, "once and for all, so that my Martine could live at last. I killed the other; fully conscious of what I was doing . . . I killed her that she might live, and our eyes continued to embrace to the very end."

Simenon does not condemn him, though the reader may feel less compassion for this ferocious man and more pity for his victim who had always been grateful to him for his cruelty. Aside from his belief that there is only a thin barrier between the murderer and the man who has led a blameless life, there is the avowal that no human being is evil. But another might ask if man is both bad and good what meaning is there in anger or hate for an evil deed, since both would be unavoidable aspects of our humanity.

Suwanee Saga

HOME IS UPRIVER. By Brian Harwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 224 pp. $3.

By Harriette Arnow

THE theme of this short and highly readable novel is the tortured, insistent love of boy for girl; the background, the lower Mississippi. The big river and the love of Kip, the shanty-boater, are much alike; both headstrong, greedy, tempestuous, defying man-made obstacles.

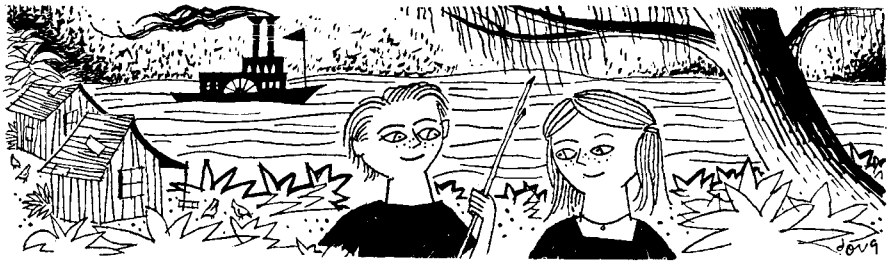
The story is told almost entirely from the viewpoint of Kip, who, when he was seven years old, ran away from the orphanage where he had been taken for a proper upbringing after the death of his shanty-boating father. He found the Sanjamons—Buck, Martha, and little daughter Storm. Strangers until the chance meeting, they gave the boy a home on their shanty-boat with the same casual, unquestioning kindness with which they fed a stray kitten. He lived with them, wandering the lower Mississippi, until Martha became aware of his love for her daughter.

Through Kip we see and feel and smell his world—the river and its people. It is a world unto itself where Kip knows poverty, ugliness, harshness, the taste of rot-gut liquor, the treachery of the river. He sees sudden death, lawlessness, the cruelty of the strong for the weak, the devastation of flood, but through all this shines the kindness, the tolerance, the wisdom of the river people and, above all, their freedom with the resourcefulness and the ability to face disaster that such freedom brings.

Characters, sometimes sad, sometimes funny, but almost always credible, slide by like the river: Buck, so wise to the ways of living water but so blind to the love of the youngsters in his household; Martha, his wife and mother of Storm, no shanty-boater at heart and tinged still with "land-terrapin" ways; crippled Blos, who could make gravel soup—"an it taste good"—and love the world even when she was out of coffee and had to salt the fish with ashes; wise Mama Thibadeau; fat Bonnie who let the outcome of a checker game decide her matrimonial troubles; and many others including, of course, Kip's sweetheart Storm. Unfortunately, though more space is given to her than to any other character and much is made of her stormy ways and her abilities at getting what she wants, including Kip, she never comes to life as do many of the others.

The unusual and amazing thing about "Home Is Upriver" is the complete merging of man and background with the author skilfully hidden behind the whole. Sometimes a drowning seems but a bit of background; other times, as in the flood scene, or Kip's night battle with his rival, it is the river that shifts from background into character. Much of the time the Mississippi is the main character, the Mississippi of the four seasons controlling the lives of the people. We feel its treachery in fog and flood, love it, fear it, hate it, turn by turn as does the shanty-boater.

The author never intrudes; the reader is left in pleasant peace to draw his own conclusions, savor his own reflections. Nor does Mr. Harwin, as do so many others, confuse the writing of a novel with the gathering of folklore. His people, though a shade clean-mouthed and grammatical, are never quaint, animated bits of folklore. Humor there is, but we laugh with the characters, not at them. The prose is clean and sharp and strong, economical of adjective and description.



Fiction of the Week

The autumn torrent of new books continues unabated. We do not have room this week to review the following just-published novels, but hope to give them their due in early issues.

COME BACK TO SORRENTO. By Joseph Petracca. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. Italian-American life in Brooklyn.

A COW IS TOO MUCH TROUBLE IN LOS ANGELES. By Joseph Foster. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. Serio-comic novel about a Mexican family newly arrived in wartime Los Angeles.

DEVIL'S BRIDGE. By Mary Deasy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. The story of Leo Sanger, whose ambition was to build a suspension bridge across the river of his hometown in the mid-South.

THE INMATES. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.50. Whimsically told romance of two sensitive people in a lunatic asylum. The author says his purpose is "to defend the crazy ideas of mad people . . . as against the conventional ideas of sane people."

ONE RED ROSE FOR CHRISTMAS. By Paul Horgan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2. A modern miracle story about a fire that burned Mount St. Catherine's Home for Girls and what followed.

TIME'S CORNER. By Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Random House. $3.50. Louisa Frazier, seeking refuge from an unhappy love affair in a religious retreat, actually finds it by experimenting with drugs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Power in the Heat

THE MARCH OF THE HERO. By Richard Lee Marks. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 338 pp. $3.50.

By Frederic Morton

IF a philosopher could become king, then the world would have one wise man less, one autocrat more. Power, that delicious virus with which everyone wants to be corrupted, has teased many a budding saint down the primrose path and, incidentally, provided an ever-contemporary theme for moral novels. Mr. Marks has just written one of them, a kind of below-the-border "All the King's Men."

At the beginning of "The March of the Hero" we get a glimpse of Romulo Romana in the full purity of his impotence. Romana heads a scholarly but practically ineffective movement in a South American republic. It is called the Blanco Party and constitutes the only opposition force tolerated by dictator Caballero. His subordinates call Romana "teacher" rather than "leader." A Ghandi under a sombrero, he does not let the activities of his organization go beyond a kindly and vague advocacy of social progress and pacifism, the sponsoring of night schools to educate the masses, discussion forums, and—important for the purposes of the story—the publication of the celebrated liberal newspaper *La Luz*. Caballero permits the paper to print its fervent altruisms because it furnishes his regime with pretty, democratic trimmings. Romana, on his part, hovers picturesquely on the brink of martyrdom.

Everyone is happy until one day, through the clumsiness of Caballero's underlings, Romana is arrested, *La Luz* suspended. The consequences are such as to enlist all of Mr. Marks's energetic capacities for melodrama. With indignation properly rife among the Blancos, the dictator is assassinated. The totalitarians totter. An uproar sweeps the republic like a tidal wave. The plot thickens ferociously while the plausibility thins. After a hundred tightlipped conspiracies, skipped siestas, and assorted soul-searchings, Romana suddenly emerges as the key figure in the country. We see him in the conference room of the war ministry, confronting the grim anxious faces of the colonels of the junta: Will "The Teacher" remain true to his creed of non-violence, equity, and peace? Or will he unleash civil war in order to sacrifice the means to the end and thus make himself master of the country?

Romana's decision is very evil as well as utterly predictable. Cynical chaps like this reviewer will see it coming as far back as the title page. But what bothers me more in "The March of the Hero" is, first of all, a young Yankee Blanco by the name of Leo Nyberg. Leo discovers "social justice" much as Columbus did America and it is through his excited musings that a good deal of the story is told. But neither his philosophic flashbacks to Okinawa nor his reflections on truth, love, and the uses of women fit into the adobe-colored background.

Then there are the caballeros, Humberto and Margarita, who are so similar to the Perons, Juan and Evita, that their presence occasionally makes a sly *roman à clef* out of what the author meant to be a serious work of the imagination. Just how serious can be judged from the climax in which a terrible blood bath takes place. Here each paragraph is fatal to thousands. Mr. Marks's overenthusiastic special-effects department generates cannon smoke, gapes open wound after awful wound, and throws up entire forests of twisted limbs until the original intentions of the narrative disappear in the tumult.

It's not all waste, though. The author, having lived in Argentina, knows the South American scene well. He has some fine and some touching things to say about it, even if they are usually spoken by Leo, his most ectoplasmic character. The reader, besides getting some exercise out of negotiating a treacherous plot, might, if he listens to these asides, gain an understanding of the stoic tragedy of the peon. On the whole, Mr. Marks's first novel seems more like a strenuous ode to ethics than an effort to write fiction. But Mr. Marks displays, in a few controlled moments, a talented eye and ear.

—*Anne Doniger.*

Richard Lee Marks—"strenuous ode."

Fiction Notes

GHOST-RIDDEN LADY: Like other ladies of morbid memory — "Rebecca" and "My Cousin Rachel" — Jess Gregg's **"The Other Elizabeth"** (Rinehart, $3) seems destined for the best-seller lists. Boston-Gothic in style, it is the tale of Elizabeth Deveny, as unbalanced a ghost-writer as ever got herself entangled in an improbable plot. For about seventy pages this goes along fairly straightforwardly. For purposes of a memoir Elizabeth is delving into the past of another Elizabeth, an aged baroness who had had a pretty hectic life in the early decades of this century, including three marriages and a messy scandal. Wild she was. It is her second marriage—to the great painter Marius Wrenn—that engages the interest of ghost-writer Elizabeth and is supposed to captivate yours. At this point the author says "Boo," Elizabeth begins having hallucinations, and before you know it she has changed places in her so-called mind with the other Elizabeth, and is reliving that past romance as she imagines it to have been. The author's joker is the fact that it hadn't been like that at all. The other Elizabeth had been quite a nasty piece, and had driven the poor Wrenn to suicide. Our heroine almost follows him to death when she learns the truth, but Mr. Gregg rescues her in the last pages and restores her to presumed sanity. Personally, I feel they should still keep a strict watch on her. There is demonstrably a wide audience for this kind of balderdash. Its members are hereby notified of the book's availability. Others are warned.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

UNHAPPY ANNIVERSARY: In a prose that is pleasantly sentimental but never too sweetened, Anne Miller Downes has re-created in novel form the New England historical legend of Hayes and Dolly Copp. **"The Pilgrim Soul"** (Lippincott, $3) starts us off with Hayes's arrival in the wilderness of the New Hampshire White Mountains in the year 1827. His aim was to hew out a farm in the back-hill country as yet unreached by roads, and he did it. Then he married the lovely Dolly, prettiest belle of the nearby settled area. Thereafter the story becomes primarily Dolly's. It's the story of the couple's isolated struggle with nature and their building of a farm, a family, and a tradition. When the children were all grown, married, and moved away, Dolly suddenly and unexplicably moved out on Hayes on their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Mrs. Downes's explanation of that curious

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Garrick & Sir Joshua

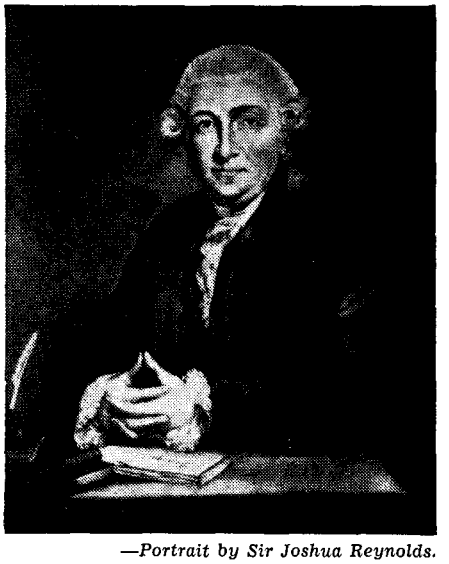
EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the recently discovered cache of Boswelliana at Malahide Castle were found a group of hitherto unknown papers by the English painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most important of them being character sketches of some of his great contemporaries. One of these, on the actor David Garrick, is published herewith, together with an introduction by Frederick W. Hilles, Bodman Professor of English at Yale University. It is taken from "Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds," edited by Professor Hilles, which is to be published early in November by the McGraw-Hill Book Co.*

How did these Reynolds documents happen to be among Boswell's papers? After Boswell published his "Life of Johnson" in 1791, he decided to write another biography and chose as his subject Sir Joshua Reynolds. Boswell and Reynolds had been intimate friends for thirty years, and now Sir Joshua was very ill and his end was near. Boswell would sit beside Reynolds's bed and ask him questions about his life, writing down the answers then and there. These notes for the biography of Reynolds were carefully preserved and were found among Boswell's papers. With them were certain writings by Reynolds. It is probable that Reynolds had given these papers to Boswell for use in connection with the biography. Boswell never did write the life of Reynolds. Sir Joshua died in 1792; Boswell, far from well himself, died three years later.

By FREDERICK W. HILLES

WITH the contemporary verdict on Garrick's skill as actor Sir Joshua was in agreement. Furthermore he believed that unlike most actors Garrick was also a good judge of plays. But the painter was well aware of his friend's faults, as the brief but striking character sketch on the facing page makes evident.

The manuscript gives no clue as to when or why it was written, but it is clear that when writing it Reynolds was remembering the many conversations which he had had with friends about the great actor. In particular he here echoes what was said at Topham Beauclerk's in the spring of 1779, three months after Garrick's death. Boswell's version follows: "On Saturday, April 24, I dined with [Johnson] at Mr. Beauclerk's with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Jones (afterwards Sir William), Mr. Langton, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Paradise, and Dr. Higgins. I mentioned that Mr. Wilkes had attacked Garrick to me, as a man who had no friend. JOHNSON. 'I believe he is right, Sir. He had friends, but no friend. Garrick was so diffused, he had no man to whom he wished to unbosom himself. He found people always ready to applaud him, and that always for the same thing, so he saw life with great uniformity.' I took upon me, for once, to fight with Goliath's weapons, and play the sophist. 'Garrick did not need a friend, as he got from everybody all he wanted. What is a friend? One who supports you and comforts you, while others do not. Friendship, you know, Sir, is the cordial drop, "to make the nauseous draught of life go down," but if the draught be not nauseous, if it be all sweet, there is no occasion for that drop.' JOHNSON. 'Many men would not be content to live so. I hope I should not. They would wish to have an intimate friend, with whom they might compare minds and cherish private virtues.' One of the company mentioned Lord Chesterfield as a man who had no friend. JOHNSON. 'There were more materials to make friendship in Garrick, had he not been so diffused.' BOSWELL. 'Garrick was pure gold, but beat out to thin leaf. Lord Chesterfield was tinsel.' JOHNSON. 'Garrick was a very good man, the cheerfulest man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness, and a man who gave away, freely, money acquired by himself. . . .'"



—Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

David Garrick—"perpetual anxiety."

THE remarks just quoted serve in part to explain why Reynolds did not have for Garrick the feelings he had for Goldsmith and Johnson. Sir Joshua liked men who would relax when among friends; he enjoyed those who would "unbosom" themselves at the proper time. He disliked Garrick's artificiality, his vanity.

The two must have met at about the time Reynolds met Johnson—in the middle 1750's. In a commonplace-book kept at about this time Reynolds records his admiration of Garrick's critical powers. The first of many portraits was probably begun in 1759 and thereafter the actor was frequently in his studio. Reynolds was an ardent theatre-goer, admired Garrick's acting, was amused at his sprightliness. But as a man he held him in something approximating contempt. Here is a story which Sir Joshua told Malone.

"Not long before Garrick's death, he invited Charles Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Beauclerk, and some others to dine at Hampton. Soon after dinner he began to read a copy of verses, written by himself on some of the most celebrated men of the time, including two or three of those who were present. They were not very well-satisfied with their characters, and still less when describing Lord Thurlow, who was not present, he introduced the words '*superior parts.*' Mr. Burke, speaking of his own character, said afterwards to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he was almost ready to have spat in his face.

"Garrick, finding the company uncommonly grave, in consequence of his unlucky verses, before they had drunk half a dozen glasses of wine proposed to adjourn to his lawn, where they would find some amusement. When there, the whole amusement consisted in an old man and a young man running backwards and forwards between two baskets filled with stones, and whoever emptied his basket first was to be the victor. Garrick expected that his guests would have been interested and have betted on the runners; but between ill humor

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his verses and being dragged from table the instant dinner had been finished, no interest whatever was expressed in what, from the anticipations of their host, so much had been expected. All was cold and spiritless—one of the most vapid days they had ever spent. If Garrick had not laid these plots for merriment, but let conversation take its common course, all would have gone well. Such men as I have mentioned could not have passed a dull day."

SIR Joshua's account of Garrick is not balanced as are the sketches he drew of Goldsmith and Johnson. It is a hostile account. But what he has to say is verified by the comments of many of his contemporaries. In a sense what Reynolds has done is to write a prose version of Goldsmith's brilliant characterization in "Retaliation":

> On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
> 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

This in turn echoes a *bon mot* which the actor-dramatist Samuel Foote was said to have originated. "Foote being at supper one night at the Bedford coffeehouse just after Garrick had performed Macbeth, the conversation very naturally turned on the merits of that great performer, when after many eulogiums of the universality of his powers, it was given up to him to be the best actor on any stage. 'By G-d, gentlemen,' says Foote, 'I do not think you have above half said enough of him, for I think him not only the greatest actor on, but off the stage.' "

Again, when Sir Joshua speaks of the sycophants catering to Garrick's love of flattery, he seems to be paraphrasing Goldsmith:

> Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
> And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
> 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
> Who peppered the highest was surest to please.

To illustrate this foible one anecdote should suffice. At the height of his fame Garrick, while sitting for his bust to Nollekens the sculptor, asked with assumed casualness what people were saying about him. "Indeed," replied Nollekens gravely, "I heard somebody speaking very highly in your praise, as high as possible." Garrick quickly asked, "Pray who was it—who was it spoke so highly in my praise?" "Why," replied Nollekens, "it was yourself"—a remark

(*Continued on page* 30)

The Character of Garrick

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

GARRICK from his early youth, when he used to repeat passages in plays and act whole parts in private theatres, naturally imbibed a desire for popular applause. Afterwards, when he entered the great world and had enlarged his circle, this universal passion was not likely to be much abated; 'twas the employment of his mind, night and day, by what means he could improve and advance his reputation. His profession of an actor he studied with the greatest attention. He left nothing to chance. Every attitude, however it might have the appearance of immediate impulse, was the result of various trials in his closet.

Great as Garrick was on the stage, he was at least equal if not still superior at the table, and here he had too much the same habit of preparing himself, as if he was to act a principal part.

The man himself is not likely to be the last who discovers his own excellence. Garrick knew it and made himself a slave to his reputation. Amongst the variety of arts observed by his friends to preserve that reputation, one of them was to make himself rare. It was difficult to get him and when you had him, as difficult to keep him. He never came into company but with a plot to get out of it. He was for ever receiving messages of his being wanted in another place. It was a rule with him never to leave any company saturated. Being used to exhibit himself at a theatre or a large table, he did not consider an individual as worth powder and shot.

The habit of seeking fame in this manner left his mind unfit for the cultivation of private friendship. Garrick died without a real friend, though no man had a greater number of what the world calls friends. Garrick had no friends to whom he gave orders that he was always at home, except to his doctors, of which he had two sorts, one sort administering for his body, the other for his diseased mind—in other words, his vanity. The first were generally quacks and the others sycophants.

Garrick, as I observed, died without a friend; so did Lord Chesterfield. The moral to be drawn from their lives is this: that this passion for fame, however proper, when within due bounds as a link in the social chain, as a spur to our exertions to acquire and deserve the affections of our brethren, yet when this passion is carried to excess, like every other excess it becomes a vice, either ridiculous, or odious, or sometimes criminal. An inordinate desire after fame produces an entire neglect of their old friends, or we may rather say they never have any friends; their whole desire and ambition is centered in extending their reputation by showing their tricks before fresh new men. That moment you begin to congratulate yourself on your new acquaintance, your intimacy ceases. A worse consequence: by degrees all the principles of right and wrong, whatever dignifies human nature, is lost, or not attended to when in competition with the shadow of fame. They begin to grow short-sighted and seize with such greediness the immediate gratification, that they forfeit every title to what is truly praiseworthy, steadiness of conduct. From having no great general principle [they] live in perpetual anxiety what conduct to take on every occasion to insure this petty praise.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1952, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Wellsprings of American Policy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Foster Rhea Dulles, professor of history at Ohio State University and author of "Twentieth Century America" and "The Road to Teheran" among other books.*

FOR the first time since British troops so cavalierly burned the Capitol at Washington, the American people face the dread possibility of a war that might be brought to their own shores. They don't like it at all. To protect themselves they have endorsed the most entangling of foreign alliances, rushed precipitately to build up their armaments, continued a peacetime draft, and erected bomb shelters.

These measures are quite understandable. It would be fatuous to let Soviet Russia believe that she can advance into the power vacuums created by the defeat of Germany and Japan without opposition, or fail to take every practical step that we can to stem Communist aggression. The harsh realities of international crisis demand the maintenance of those "situations in strength" that may enable the free world to withstand the military pressure of the Communist world.

Yet there is both a bitter irony and a grave danger in allowing the immediate demands of military security, however urgent, wholly to determine our foreign policy. To do so is to deny our national heritage. If the first breath of danger causes us to cast aside those broader aims which have always been part of our history, and to lose faith in what has traditionally been our concept of America's world role, then indeed we may well be lost. To arm merely to maintain a precarious balance of power is not enough. Our policy must embrace larger aspirations than a narrow national interest. It must look toward a more enduring peace than that represented by the containment of Russia and a dominant role for the United States in the historic interplay of power politics. In short, it must have a moral purpose.

The early settlers in America looked upon the country they were founding as a New Zion, but they were not long content to think only in terms of their own escape from the wars and oppression of the Old World. Jonathan Edwards singled out America as "the glorious renovator of the world," and John Adams saw the settlement of the country as "the opening of a grand scheme and design in Providence for the illumination and emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the world." There was early born a sense of the mission of America. It has at times been naive or chauvinistic, compounded of a sentimental romanticism or providing a cloak for national aggrandizement. But it has reflected a faith in the universality of the ideals in which the nation believed that was not ignoble, and a conviction that through American influence these ideals would with time prevail ever more widely.

Our mission was to uphold liberty and defend democracy; it was also to promote universal peace. As the twentieth century saw our emergence as a great world power, through circumstance not choice, the goal of ensuring peace through some means other than power politics became more and more prominent. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan, echoed and re-echoed the prevailing sentiment that the United States was destined to be a leader in the furtherance of peace throughout the world. When the country was drawn into war in 1917, Wilson felt all the more determined to work toward such a goal. He gave a moral purpose to our participation in European politics that underscored the aspirations of our national mission. "A universal dominion of right" . . . "a concert of free people" . . . "the reign of law." These were our objectives. "To make the spiritual power of democracy prevail," Wilson proclaimed, "is surely the manifest destiny of the United States."

The crusade on which the nation embarked in 1917 was a failure. The idealism of the New World gave way before the cynicism of the Old World. A disillusioned people turned away from Europe. There was as yet no full realization of the responsibilities and sacrifices that world power involved, and a leadership that was in our grasp was tragically rejected.

Two decades later the country again became involved in war and Franklin D. Roosevelt, reaffirming national ideals, sought to give to this new struggle a character which reflected the faith of the American people. Inconsistent, at times revealing a strange and somewhat appalling contradiction in his ideas, occasionally naive and overly optimistic, Roosevelt nevertheless stood in the great tradition. The peace he sought was one that would bring "the end of the system of unilateral action and exclusive alliances, and spheres of influence and balance of power and all the other expedients that have been tried for centuries and have always failed." As Wilson had believed, so Roosevelt believed: victory in war should mean something more than defeat of the enemy and another fateful round of power politics.

Before Roosevelt died there were already intimations that the path ahead might be even less smooth than it had been for Wilson. It began to be realized that the defeat of Germany and Japan opened the way for the rise of a still more formidable threat to lasting peace. Roosevelt's last message, however, was a summons to maintain hope and confidence: "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

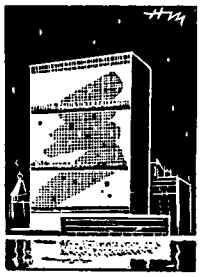
IS all hope of something more than a new balance of power to be completely abandoned because Soviet Russia has so brutally violated the pledges of international cooperation she once made?

So our present-day political realists imply. We can only place our faith, they tell us, in containment, power

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics, bigger armaments—and ultimately the atomic bomb. The dream of world peace is sentimentalism; morality has no role in international affairs. No nation can afford to look beyond the immediate demands of its own national interest.

In our present relationship with Europe the wheel would thus appear to have come full cycle. A people who fled the Old World to escape its intrigues and quarrels now return bearing arms and calling upon the nations of Europe to ready their young men for battle. And this summons to armed force is not for the ultimate moral purpose which underlay our participation in war in 1917 and 1941, but designed merely to establish a new balance of power that does not even profess to hold out the promise of lasting peace.



Walter Lippmann has argued that "we must consider first and last the American national interest." Hans Morgenthau concludes a recent book on the emphatic, underscored, and underlined note that a nation must follow in its dealings with other nations "but one guiding star, one standard for thought, one rule of action: The National Interest." George F. Kennan, the State Department's political philosopher and our present ambassador in Moscow, reiterates that there can be no other criterion for determining foreign policy—"our own national interest is all we are really capable of knowing and understanding."

The implication is clear. Morality has no place in international affairs and any appeal to idealism is sentimental—and dangerous. The concept of a rule of law operating in world relationships is a foolish illusion. The most serious fault in our foreign policy, Kennan states in gloomily reviewing the history of the past half century, is "the legalistic-moralistic approach to international problems."

THE realists are wrong on their own grounds. They have divorced themselves from the past and from the well-springs of American power—well-springs deeper than guns and bombs. "The force of America," Wilson once said, "is the force of moral principle." To ignore our tradition of ethical purpose and mock the centuries-old aspirations of the American people is to weaken perilously popular support for the national interest which realists consider the end-all of foreign policty. Idealism has its pragmatic value; there can be no effective works without faith. For the summons to fulfil a high purpose, whereby Lincoln and Wilson and Roosevelt aroused a nation, can there be successfully substituted a program that has no further objective, holds out no greater hope for the future, than military containment of the enemy? Will the American people indefinitely stay such a futile course?

Loss of moral purpose has even more serious implications. It is the betrayal of the things for which America has always tried to stand in the past, and which have contributed to her greatness quite as much as her tremendous material resources. Even Kennan has stated that the United States must have "a spiritual vitality capable of holding its own among the major ideological currents of the time." This can hardly be maintained—or demonstrated to a sometimes very skeptical world—by an attitude which denies that the behavior of a state can ever be subject to moral judgments.

Thirty-odd years ago Herbert Hoover, wearied by his efforts to win European cooperation in relief and rehabilitation after World War I, stated that "America could win great wars, but it could not make lasting peace." That again is a view widely held at the present time, and one which largely accounts for the negative implications of a policy of containment. But no previous generation of Americans would have accepted such a defeatist attitude. Today our confidence and faith in ourselves seem to be dangerously jeopardized as we face for the first time a potential foreign enemy who might bring war really home to us.

The achievement of lasting peace—something more than a precarious armed truce—presents seemingly insuperable obstacles. Our postwar policies, to look no further into the past, have been marked by many blunders. If the nation has at long last accepted the responsibilities of world leadership, we have not yet gained the experience fully to understand their implications. We will continue to struggle with alliances, military assistance, economic air programs—and also with plans for disarmament and broader cooperation through the United Nations. There can be no surety we won't make further mistakes.

But if our policies are to have any long-term chance of success, they must have an underlying moral purpose in accord with our traditions. This is not to deny national interest but to give it a broader and more generous meaning. We must seek to realize our idealistic visions.

The American people have not returned to Europe to play on a larger scale the age-old game of power politics. It is not for that they have abandoned the isolationist policies which for so long served them so well. They have a right to demand of their leaders the imagination and courage to set national sights higher, and to keep them so fixed in spite of all discouragements.

What does this mean? Certainly it means in the first place that we must seek to give a new validity to the democratic faith—its concepts of freedom and equality for both the individual and the nation—in proud confidence that this is the final and effective answer to the ideological threat of Communism. It means that we must be prepared to aid and encourage, sometimes at immediate risk, the spread of such ideals wherever possible. It means that we must recognize in our international relations that we may be sometimes wrong, and be prepared to honor the principle of cooperation by a willingness to give way when the general interest demands such accommodation. It means that we must never allow a doctrinaire position, prejudice, or fear to close our minds to the possibilities of reasonable compromise. —FOSTER RHEA DULLES.

Howard Collins

BACK in 1939 a schoolteacher from Michigan sent in an idea for a weekly quiz to be called YOUR LITERARY I.Q. The editors gave it a trial; the response from readers soon demonstrated that the feature should be placed on a permanent footing. For thirteen years it flourished under the stewardship of its originator, Howard Collins, who confounded editors and readers alike with his adroitly constructed literary teasers.

This week it is our sad task to announce the death of Howard Collins at the age of forty-five. Mr. Collins was a graduate of the University of Michigan and lived in Ann Arbor for most of his life. In addition to teaching high school, he wrote short stories and articles for many magazines. But his chief love was the quiz feature that he had fathered. At first he thought he would run out of ideas after a year or so, but they kept on coming in profusion—so much so that Mr. Collins was always way ahead in supplying the magazine with quizzes. The editors know that many, many readers will join in lamenting the passing of one of *SR*'s veteran contributors.

When the stock of quizzes Mr. Collins left behind is exhausted, YOUR LITERARY I.Q. will be continued by one of *SR*'s contributing editors, John T. Winterich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Salem's Law

▶ I CAN REMEMBER when it was common to say carelessly that witches were burned at Salem. Today the practice is to say, with hardly less carelessness, that they were hanged and one of them was pressed to death [*SR* LETTERS, Sept. 6].

It is true that at the time of the witchcraft craze one Cory or Corey was legally pressed to death; and some folks said he was a witch; and we cannot now prove that he was not just as much a witch as the rest of them. But he was not legally held guilty of witchcraft, or punished on that charge. In the eyes of the law which ordered him pressed to death, the charge of witchcraft against him was unverified gossip.

He was pressed to death for contempt of court. Massachusetts was under the general laws of England. The law against witchcraft, for instance, was the English law. Now in case of this particular form of contempt of court the law of England gave the judge no option: the man must be pressed to make him give up his contempt, and the pressing must be kept up till it produced either his yielding or his death. At the same time, any person charged with crime could escape trial by taking the pressing to death instead.

Cory, it is understood, argued like this: If I am tried for witchcraft the jury will find me guilty, I shall be hanged, all my property will be confiscated, and my family will be beggared. If I refuse to be tried, I shall be pressed to death, but this carries no confiscation of property, and my family will have the farm to live on. So he stood the pressing till he died, and his family had his farm. In the eyes of the law he was innocent so long as he had not been tried and found guilty.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Le Peuple

▶ IN THIS AGE of carefully developed techniques of public-opinion polling, we of the American reading public continue to be told in most dogmatic fashion what foreigners think of us. But in the absence of precise documentation I should like to venture the opinion that when we Americans of an essentially classless society go abroad to do our observing, we forget that we almost invariably enter a two-class society.

We come in contact with an upper crust, of blood or intellect, which dazzles us and at the same time quite naturally does not relish the social threat which our way of life poses. We forget the other class, for which the English language does not have a single word comparable to the expressive "peuple," the class from which many, or most, of us are descended, the class which recognizes, even today, that these United States represent the last ray of hope.

We should never lose faith in ourselves and in what we represent to the common man abroad. We should be proud of what we are and in a spirit of true charity and humility aid others less fortunate than we in acquiring what I for one believe they respect and desire.

FRANCIS M. ROGERS.

Belmont, Mass.

Lynch Law

▶ IN THE REVIEW of "Words and Ways of American English" by M. M. Mathews [*SR* Aug. 2] I find yet another incorrect explanation of the expression "lynch law." It came from neither Captain William Lynch of Virginia nor "that blamed Old Irishman, Mayor Lynch of Glasgow."

Speaking of his ancestors among the county families of Galway, Ireland, Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson says, "The Lynches were the oldest and most influential of them all. During 169 years eighty-four of them were Sovereigns—or mayors—of Galway. The most famous of these was James FitzStephen Lynch, who, in his official capacity as mayor, hanged his own son for murder, in 1493, when nobody else could be persuaded to carry out the sentence of the law upon this popular but impulsive young man. Hence, and very unjustly, the expression 'Lynch Law'."

MURIEL S. HAYNES.

Weston, Mass.

"Tom Jones"

▶ WITH ALL RESPECT to Mr. Harvey Curtis Webster as a reviewer of current literature, I believe he errs greatly in his description of Fielding's masterpiece "Tom Jones [*SR* Sept. 20]." Whether or not it makes for great literature, the hallmark of "Tom Jones," and the quality that distinguishes it as a classic, is the fact that it is *not* "full of incidents and people who deviate from the main line of narrative." The essence of the book is that *all* the incidents and people, disassociated as they seem in the beginning, are integral and vital in the climax of the narrative. Perhaps Mr. Webster didn't get quite that far.

MRS. O. E. GLAESSNER.

Webster Groves, Mo.

"Words in Public"

▶ I HAVE JUST READ with great interest and with some self-criticism Mr. Grampp's "Words in Public" [*SR* Sept. 20]. I am one of those to whom Mr. Grampp's remarks are specifically directed—a Federal employe who is responsible for some badly written public documents. Now, articles like this one are helpful to my staff, as well as to me, and I should like to put copies in the hands of those in my agency who are writing for the public.

WILLIAM M. JOHNSON.

Lincoln, Nebr.

Implement of Chase

▶ I SHOULD LIKE TO APPLAUD much of what Mr. Grampp says in "Words in Public." But I object to his confusing James's heroine in "Portrait of a Lady" with Jane Austen's Elizabeth. I object, too, to his misquoting a passage from the novel in order to label it "merely preposterous."

Lord Warburton had his riding crop in his hand when he proposed marriage to Isabel Archer. She refused the proposal. "Then, still agitating, in his mastered emotion, his implement of the chase, he walked rapidly away. He was evidently much upset." This is language of the last century, and I fail to see that it is preposterous.

LOUIE M. MINER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History. The quality of the present book season is indicated fairly accurately by the fact that nearly a half of the volumes of general interest listed as outstanding in our poll last week of the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers are biographies and memoirs. This week we review three volumes of personal history which won the critics' commendation. The shelves of every public and university library groan under accounts of the life and times of Napoleon Bonaparte, but J. M. Thompson's newly published biography, which D. W. Brogan reviews below, is the first in English to give that nineteenth-century earthshaker his due. The other two books, though autobiographies of American men of letters, are as individual in style as their author's more creative works. Conrad Aiken covers his life in "Ushant" (page 26); William Saroyan his boyhood in "The Bicycle Rider of Beverly Hills" (page 27).

Prisoner of a Star

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By J. M. Thompson. New York: Oxford University Press 463 *pp.* $6.

By D. W. Brogan

WITH the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon is the subject of more books than any other purely historical figure, and there are no signs that this preëminence is likely to be lost. There will be, no doubt, many books about Hitler; there are many books about Stalin, but the Emperor is still the man of action, the dictator who most excites curiosity. Every year sees new books on him, most of them mere potboilers or rather absurd specialist studies like "Napoleon and Chess" or "Napoleon and Blondes." Mr. Thompson's "Napoleon" is not in this class. It is, indeed, almost in a class by itself, for it is the only book written in English that is abreast of the latest scholarship in this intensively tilled field. And it gains a great deal from the fact that Mr. Thompson is so learned in the history of the French Revolution, for only that background makes Napoleon intelligible.

The French Revolution is so much at the beginning of modern history, and its fulfilment, or betrayal, by Napoleon so important for the present state of Europe, that the continuing interest in the Emperor is very natural. Stalin may turn out to be an equally important figure, but he is never likely to be so fascinating a figure. Napoleon lived his life in the open; Stalin behind closed doors. And the prohibition of criticism, the manufacture of "history" has successfully hidden much of the real life of Stalin in clouds of implausible hagiography. You cannot write an interesting life of a man who is never wrong and you cannot write a convincing life of a man who has altered the past as well as the present.

Under Mr. Thompson's scrutiny, Napoleon still remains mysterious. Such powers, on such a scale, are difficult indeed to comprehend. Wisely, Mr. Thompson does not go in for psychological analysis. He has a very complicated story to tell and he tells it clearly, soberly, and with all the resources of modern scholarship.

By now we have all the materials necessary for a judgment of Napoleon, though we need not all come to the same judgment. Mr. Thompson's verdict is surprisingly favorable, in my opinion too favorable. But probably there has been enough denigration. The new biographer plays fair with his readers, does not hide the uglier side of Napoleon's character, nor disguise the extent of his final failure.

For Mr. Thompson, the high-water mark was reached in 1802, the apogee of the Consulate. There was the general and victorious peace, there was the Concordat, there were the foundations well and truly laid of the administrative system and of the Code, there was the fulfilment of the program of 1789. What followed was a slow decline. Yet the turning point, the renewal of the war with England, is not treated in the traditional English way. The rupture of the Peace of Amiens is not seen as the fault of Napoleon's insatiable greed. There were faults on both sides, perhaps more faults on the English side. This is only one example of Mr. Thompson's freedom from nationalist bias. Another is his cool and objective account of the Peninsular War. Not all Spaniards detested King Joseph and not all Spaniards who supported him were bad Spaniards. Only on one point does Mr. Thompson's nationality occasionally lead him astray. We perhaps hear too much in detail of naval warfare which, after all, Napoleon did not conduct in person. This is contrasted with a somewhat *de haut en bas* attitude to some of Napoleon's

—Bettmann Archive.

Napoleon visiting the pesthouse at Jaffa—"such powers, on such a scale . . ."

D. W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, is the author of "The Development of Modern France," "French Personalities and Problems," and "The American Character, and others."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land campaigns. We have a full account of the Battle of the Nile, at which Napoleon was not present, and the skimpiest account of a victory like Mont-Thaber which Napoleon won in person. No doubt in its consequences the Nile was more important than Mont-Thaber, but this is, after all, a biography, not a general history. And it might be said that Mr. Thompson devotes too little space to discussing Napoleon as a soldier. It was as a soldier he began, as a soldier he fell. We hear of the victories but we hardly understand them.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this admirable book is the discussion of the moral and political weaknesses of the Empire, weaknesses that flowed from flaws in the character and judgment of the Emperor. This was most notable in the treatment of the Church where Napoleon threw away most of the advantages he had gained from the Concordat both in "old" France and in the new and very Catholic departments like Flanders and the Rhineland where he alienated a population otherwise very ready to be loyal. Indeed, the unexpected hero of the resistance to Napoleon is Pope Pius VII.

It is impossible to ponder the fall of Napoleon without speculating on its consequences. Had he died at any time before 1812, would the France of the "natural frontiers" have survived? If it had, the imbalance between France and Germany would never have arisen and France, with the Belgian coal field, would have been industrialized far sooner. And with millions of Flemings and Germans in "France," French nationalism would have been a more cosmopolitan thing.

These speculations have no direct utility, but it is part of the fascination of Napoleon that even a bad book can provoke them, and this is a very good book. Yet the mystery of the man remains and I am reminded of one of the oddest of all verdicts on him. When the news came of his death, ex-King Joseph was interviewed in his New Jersey home. With all the fatuity of an elder brother, he handed down his decision. The world was all wrong. "My brother was not so much a great as a good man."

New & Noteworthy

This week again far more books are being published than we have room to review. We hope to be able to discuss the following titles at more length in early issues.

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. By Amy Vanderbilt. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5. A new and thorough guide to *comme il faut.*

BOLAHUN: An African Adventure. By Werner Junge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75. A German physician tells how he established and operated a hospital in the Liberian jungle.

CRAZY-WHITE-MAN. By Richard Morenus, Chicago; Rand, McNally & Co. $3.75. An account of the six years a New York writer spent among the primitive Indians of northern Ontario.

FORTY ACRES AND NO MULE. By Janice Holt Giles. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $3. The author of "The Enduring Hills" tells of her marriage and more than simple life on a Kentucky ridge.

HEMINGWAY: THE WRITER AS ARTIST. By Carlos Baker. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $4.50. A careful, critical study.

HOW THIN THE VEIL. By Jack Kerkhoff. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $3. An account of the forty-five days the author, a newspaperman, spent in a Michigan State Hospital.

ISOLATION AND ALLIANCES. By Walter Lippmann. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50. A new analysis of foreign policy by the well-known journalist and publicist.

KOREAN TALES. By Melvin B. Voorhees. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3. Sketches of life on the Korean front by a former newspaperman attached to the Eighth U. S. Army in Korea.

LANGUAGE AS GESTURE. By R. P. Blackmur. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.75. Essays on poets and poetry.

LATE ARRIVAL. By E. M. Almedingen. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $4. Fragment of an autobiography by a Russian refugee in Italy, France, and England.

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By John Tebbel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. A gossipy biography.

LIGHT ON A DARK HORSE. By Roy Campbell. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $4. Autobiography of a South African who achieved some reputation as a writer in England.

MAHATMA GANDHI. By Haridas T. Mazumdar. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. An exposition of the philosophy and life of the Indian leader.

MAN AGAINST CANCER. By Dr. I. Berenblum. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $3. An account of current cancer research written in non-technical terms.

McCARTHY: THE MAN, THE SENATOR, THE "ISM". By Ronald Jack and May Anderson. Boston: Beacon Press. $3.50. The life of the controversial Senator from Wisconsin written by two journalists who are not admirers.

MYTHS AND REALITIES. By Carl Bridenbaugh. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. $3.25. Essays on the society of the South during the colonial period.

NATURE'S MESSAGES. By Sam Campbell. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. $3.50. The philosophy of a naturalist and lecturer.

ONE-UPMANSHIP. By Stephen Potter. New York; Henry Holt & Co. $2.75. Satire on a variety of subjects by the author of "Gamesmanship."

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING. By Norman Vincent Peale. New York: Prentice-Hall. $2.95. Inspirational essays on how to build confidence and use it in every-day living.

STRANGE EMPIRE. By Joseph Kinsey Howard. New York: William Morrow & Co. $6. The story of an independent state which defied the Canadian authorities for ten months in 1870.

THE SECRET SELF. By Theodor Reik. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A casebook in psychology as practised by Dr. Reik.

VICTORIAN FURNITURE. By F. Gordon Roe. New York: Roy Publishers. $5. A guide book with some claim to literary distinction.

Now, Afar Off

USHANT. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 365 pp. $4.50.

By W. T. Scott

AS LONG ago as the First World War, Conrad Aiken was writing of the poet as being "a curious blending of the psychoanalyst and patient." In novels, short stories, and a prolific poetry, all Aiken's work has exemplified the doctrine. He very early grafted upon traditional romanticism the golden bough of Freud. And somehow the undeviating process has made him one of the most distinguished unassessed writers of our era —perhaps the most distinguished.

In "Ushant," an autobiographical essay, Aiken has again created a multi-level complexity in which the author is both the man on the couch talking and the observer listening to the man. The title is the dare: it puns on "You shan't!" Since he has cast himself as "D.," after "Demarest" of his novel "Blue Voyage," a recently published letter, written to Malcolm Cowley in 1927 and defending the method of that novel, is worth recalling, for the method of this much greater book is similar. Aiken asserted:

"I can't feel any esthetic or moral error in the casting of an autobiographical theme into the third person; in fact, I believe it is possible to be more *detachedly* honest in this form (if you insist on honesty as a prime criterion) than in straight confession . . . I mean to give myself *away,* for the benefit of any stray psychologist of literature . . . and incidentally to twist the thing into a design of its own, to make it stand on its own legs as an organism."

Note that the purpose is confession *in a form of art.* In its essences "Ushant" is as naked a giving away of the self as Adam; but this Adam-Aiken, this "D.," is so projected as to seem objectified.

"Ushant" has four major themes: ancestry, art, sex, home. Aiken's boyhood in Savannah ended, at eleven, with the ghastly tragedy of his parents' death: murder and suicide by his father—"the two loud pistol-shots; and he had tiptoed into the dark room, where the two bodies lay motionless, and apart, and, finding them dead, found himself possessed of them forever." Separated from his two

W.T. Scott, former book review editor of the Providence Journal, *wrote "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

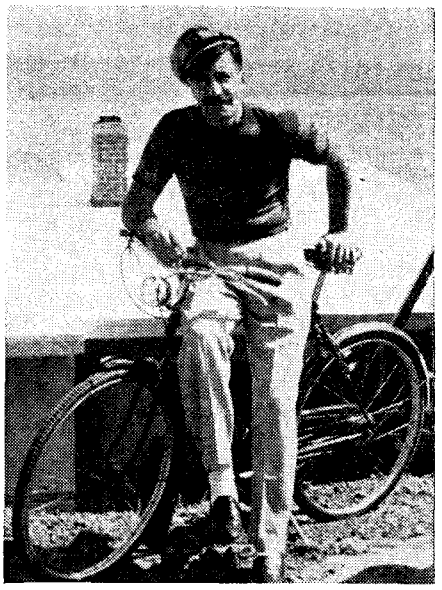
younger brothers, he was brought up in his ancestral Massachusetts—New Bedford, Concord, Cambridge, the Cape—amidst a bevy of old houses and of aunts, uncles, and cousins. These inspire pages of "Ushant" which triumphantly communicate their wonder: the Frightened Uncle, naturalist and librarian, whose shy failure of a life is so poignantly summarized in monologue; old Aunt Jean, who still kept a cow even when it had to be driven to pasture through the crowding New Bedford streets; precise Aunt Sibyl and her profligate husband, that robust Beloved Uncle; rich Cousin Maud, much-traveled; the little Grandmother Aiken who so renewed life in her widowhood. The boy's two families, Potters and Aikens, were related, and an indigenous, individual tribe they made. The humor and compassion with which they are re-created also, happily, inform all the pages of "Ushant." It is often—among other things—great fun.

Aiken's bookishness was well established before he left Savannah. He was haunted by the epigraph from "Tom Brown's Schooldays"—"I'm the poet of White Horse Vale, sir, with Liberal notions under my cap!" What was a poet? He set out, soon, to be one. His autobiography is not the kind to make an eventual biography supererogatory, but its readers may detect real enough portraits, under fictional names, of such literary associates at T. S. Eliot, John Gould Fletcher, Malcolm Lowry—and discover some chitchat, without disguise, of Rupert Brooke, Ezra Pound, Virginia Woolf, Katherine Mansfield, and others. "Ushant" is only incidentally that kind of book, save in the intensely personal father-son relationship with "Hambo."

His three wives—his "Loreleis" as he insists on terming them—are not clearly seen; not so clearly as some of the "Loreliebchens" outside the marriages. (I suppose there has to be some blockage somewhere.) The intention, however, is honesty in recall of his sexual adventures, no matter how deeply his conscience or his vanity be appalled. This extends, also, to a period when an "imbalance" which, he recognizes, often threatened him, led to his nearly successful suicide.

The chord, the theme, which resolves the book is the sense of belonging. His passion for England dominated much of his life: England was his "Ariel's Island," his mother, his true home, and there he lived many years. But at last, at first by necessity, then with tentative acceptance, finally with moving rediscovery (of the father), he found ancestral New England again as his rooted past, his great good place.

A review can only point to the bare themes. It must omit the music. Here is an autobiography whose intention, like that of a poem, is to be no mere record but, rather, a created, living thing; the mutability of life shuttling through a racing, tumultuous language, adverbial as a brook. If the romantic ego self-committed to the clinic never can forsake certain dramas of masochism which cannot be the whole truth, this yet seems innate, unavoidable; the flaw is not without its truth and, even, its inadvertent suggestions as to how other people reacted in these events. Certainly in its richness of conception and language "Ushant" is a remarkable achievement; barring always the finest of Aiken's poems, this is his masterpiece.



William Saroyan—"pushes into middle age."

The Truth, O Mortal

By Gustav Davidson

THE truth, O mortal, thou shalt never learn.
Pursue illusions. With dim raptures burn.

Escape the world. Dwell in an ivory tower.
In myth and fable live thy fleeting hour.

Here thou art lost. Thou gropest like one blind
For ends and beginnings thou canst never find

Save in illusions—thy one hope of flight
From this vast prison-house of sense and sight.

The Grapes & the Sea

THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS. By William Saroyan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 178 pp. $3.

By Oscar Handlin

MORE so even than his earlier works, this is a book about Saroyan.

The young man pushes into middle age. He sees a son repeat the experiences of his own youth; and, wondering at the meaning of those experiences, wanders away into reminiscence.

The result is a book without a beginning and without an end, for it is a record of the things that come to mind as Saroyan thinks back from the present to the past. Concrete objects make their appearance first: the bicycle, the phonograph, the typewriter, the fire, the streets. To these are attached persons and incidents: the members of the family and of the Fresno Armenian community, how it was to deliver telegrams or to sleep in the orphanage dormitory. Woven around these objects, persons, and incidents are reflections on their meaning in the development of Saroyan as man and artist.

Saroyan's gift is that of the affectionate encounter. The succession of small things that surround him win his sympathy and love and move him to the effort of comprehension. There is a freshness in his approach akin to innocence, and that enables him to communicate the sense of for the first time seeing, for the first time understanding, the specific qualities of people and places.

This is a gift that sustains the writing of brief passages. Often enough to be rewarding, the book contains vivid descriptions of such events and characters—of the old Armenian actor, of the teacher in school, of the unsuccessful poet, of the clothing salesman late to the fire. In these paragraphs, Saroyan conveys an understanding of detail that is meaningful and convincing. Direct and simple language and a knack for the apposite phrase are appropriate to the dimensions within which his perceptions operate.

This is something. But it is not very much. Certainly, it is not enough

(*Continued on page 48*)

Oscar Handlin is the author of the Pulitzer-Prize-winning book "The Uprooted," which deals with the great migrations to America. He is professor of history at Harvard University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Broadway Postscript

THE THEATRE'S GOLDEN RULE

WHILE there is some difference of opinion as to the exact nature of the malady and the prescribed treatment, all the doctors agree that our theatre is perilously sick and with no immediate prospects for getting better. John Golden, the theatre's family doctor who has been tending it for sixty years, believes that any cure ought to be attempted, providing it doesn't take the risk of killing the patient in the process. For this reason he opposes sniping at the imperfections in the dwindling number of playhouses we now have, the organization of a central ticket office, which he feels is to be desired but is utterly impractical ("producers will never invest the required capital"), and inside-the-theatre smoking, which he thinks might make an unpleasant atmosphere for playgoers. On the other hand, the seventy-eight-year-old producer is all for a revision of the building laws which would make feasible the building of new theatres as part of office buildings, an amending of the alcohol control laws which would help reduce theatre rentals by bringing in extra revenue, and a cracking down on malpractice in the matter of handling tickets wherever it may be reported.

However, Mr. Golden believes none of the above reforms will cure the invalid. His contention is that good plays are the fundamental nourishment of the theatre and that having them in good supply is basic to all other suggested improvements.

"Now, one factor which discourages playwrights is undoubtedly the high cost of production," admits the shrewd showman. "But let me show you how this cost really is dependent on the supply of good plays. With only a few good plays coming in per season, like last year, there were fewer weeks of work for actors and stage hands and less revenue for theatre owners whose playhouses remained dark for many weeks. So the unions have to raise their salaries and the theatre owners their rentals because there are not enough plays to keep them employed week-in, week-out. But the higher these costs go, the less is the chance of developing new playwrights. Back in the days when we could produce a play for $10,000 it paid us to encourage and develop a new playwright by doing his unsuccessful first play, because with what he learned from his failure he might go on to write a second play that would make you $100,000. Today these figures are reversed. The playwright's first play costs you $100,000 and his second makes you $10,000."

Mr. Golden admits that getting a quantity of new plays and playwrights will not be quick or easy but feels that something can be done if everyone who takes something out of the theatre will help not only with money, but with cooperation and sacrifices for the common good. He has worked out a three-pronged attack on the problem.

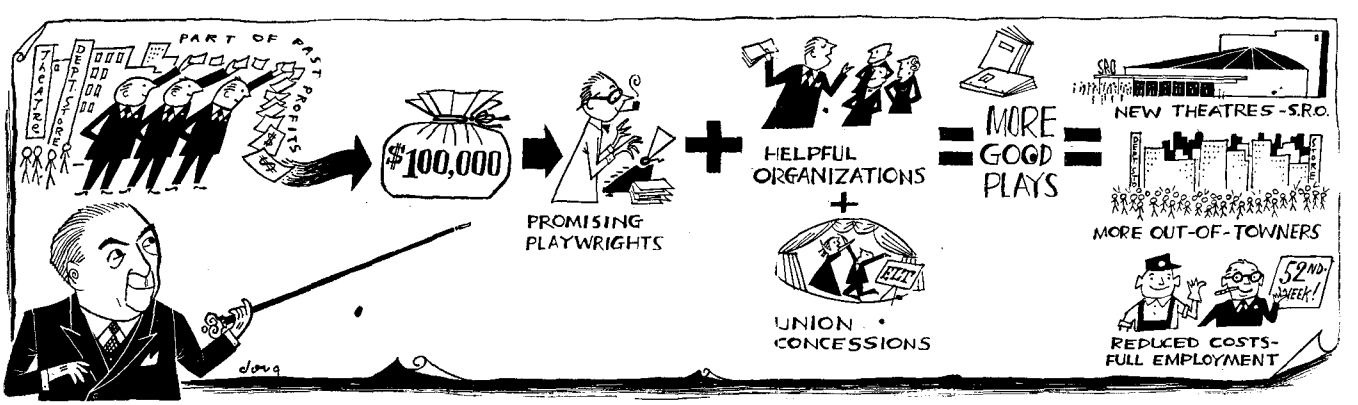
"First of all, we must continue to encourage the fine work being done by such groups as Howard Lindsay's New Dramatists' Committee, Mrs. Martin Beck's American Theatre Wing classes, Dr. Milton Smith's School of Dramatic Arts at Columbia, John Gassner's classes at Queens, and many others that have been working on the problem here and all over the country. Next, I am starting to raise a $100,000 Playwright's Loan Fund for writers who have talent."

That this loan shark will be without teeth is indicated in the outline of Mr. Golden's plan, which may work something like this: Every play broker has among his clients a young writer or two who would if he could afford it go on with the writing of a promising play. Under the plan the play broker would recommend that Mr. Promising Playwright be considered for aid. A small committee composed of play brokers, successful playwrights, producer-directors, and possibly a critic or two would then look at a sample of his work and investigate the legitimacy of his need before granting him a sum. If Mr. Promising Playwright never develops into a commercially successful writer the money is not expected to be paid back. But if Mr. P. P., benefiting from this aid, goes on to score an eventual hit, it is hoped that he will return the "loan" to the fund.

The fund will presuppose that any talented playwright has the ability to get his script read by a play broker. This is not always the case because of the shyness or lack of ability to sell themselves that plagues some writers. However, Leah Salisbury, one of the best of the playwrights' agents points out, "I know that I (and I believe this to be equally true of the other agents) will always read any script that is recommended to me by a playwright teacher or an out-of-town drama editor who writes me a note on the letterhead of his university or newspaper."

MR. Golden, who in the past has been a chronic giver of play prizes, believes that the loan idea will be a far more useful plan. "Writers who have to earn a living cannot afford to work on the slim possibility of a prize sometime in the future."

The vigorous-minded benefactor hopes to get 100 per cent cooperation from the play brokers, who read thousands of scripts a year and are in the best position to recognize talent in the raw. A quick check with a few of them by this writer revealed enthusiastic approval of the project but with one note of warning. This note sounded by all was perhaps best expressed by Luise Sillcox, secretary to the Council of the Dramatists' Guild. Says Miss Sillcox, "We tried something like this back in 1938. John Golden started it and the Rockefeller Fund came in on



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

MARIO LANZA
in
"BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE"
introducing
DORETTA MORROW
with JAMES WHITMORE
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by
KARL TUNBERG and LEONARD SPIGELGASS
Based on a Story by Ruth Brooks Flippen
and Sy Gomberg
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Fall Fancies"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff... settings by James Stewart Morcom... with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble and the Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

The King and I
A Musical Play
with YUL BRYNNER
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

Pulitzer Prize & Critics' Award Musical Play
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK · WILLIAM TABBERT · MARTIN WOLFSON
and JUANITA HALL
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA., W. 44 St.
Eves. at 8:30: $6.00 to 1.80. Wed. Mat. at 2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

LELAND HAYWARD presents
HENRY FONDA
IN
"Point of No Return"
A new play by PAUL OSBORN
Based on the novel by JOHN P. MARQUAND
with
LEORA DANA • FRANK CONROY • PAUL HUBER
COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON • ROBERT ROSS
BARTLETT ROBINSON • PATRICIA SMITH • PHIL ARTHUR
Settings by JO MIELZINER • Directed by H. C. POTTER
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $4.80 to 1.80. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: $6.00 to 2.40. Mats, Wed. & Sat.: $4.20 to 1.80. Tax Incl.
CURTAIN RISES 7 P. M. EVERY MONDAY
Air-Cond. ALVIN THEA, 52 St. W. of B'y.

it. We used Paul Green and Kenyon Nicholson to select the deserving young writers and we gave some money to some unknowns who included Tennessee Williams, Stanley Young, and George Corey. When they didn't come through with immediate successful plays, we became discouraged and stopped. What we had failed to realize was that it takes many years to make a playwright, although the more of his time he can afford to devote to writing, the quicker he will develop." What most play brokers do now with promising but undeveloped playwrights is to help them get jobs close to the theatre, but even with this they find a great many become impatient and jump into more lucrative television or motion-picture writing jobs. Mr. Golden's plan, they hope, may encourage more of these to stick to the theatre.

The loan bureau will not have to wait until the goal of $100,000 has been reached, but can be put into effect as soon as and if (the "and if" is Mr. Golden's) $50,000 has been collected. He believes that the scheme would be impractical if he could not raise at least half of his goal. Already in the till is $1,000 of his own, $1,000 from Lee Shubert, and $4,000 from Howard Lindsay. Since this was donated before the drive for funds had formally begun, it is a hopeful sign that the cause will rank at the top of the list of those who are the theatre's good friends.

FINALLY, Golden will urge Actor's Equity to change their rule against the presentation of new plays in the free Equity Library Theatre so that these young authors will have a chance to see how what they've written works on stage. If Equity agree, and they may for Mr. Golden if only in appreciation of the time and money he poured into the ELT project in its first five years (and which he may consider helping again if the change is effected), it will have to go through the Fact-Finding Committee composed of representatives of all the theatrical unions. In more flourishing times many of these unions opposed such a project out of a short-range concern that a producer might use ELT as a free pre-Broadway tryout, thus depriving their members of the reimbursed work they might have had in a full-scale tryout. Recently, however, there have been signs that union representatives are beginning to realize that if they don't stop fighting for their share of the melon and take time to plant for the coming years, they will soon have no melon to cut up. After all, one Tennessee Williams developed will average their members forty weeks work per year for thirty

Announcing
an entertainment event
of utmost importance
CHARLES CHAPLIN'S
HUMAN DRAMA
Limelight
co-starring
CLAIRE BLOOM
SYDNEY CHAPLIN
with Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Marjorie Bennett and for the Ballet—Andre Eglevsky and Melissa Hayden
Produced, written and directed by
CHARLES CHAPLIN
Released thru
United Artists

RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT STARTS
THURSDAY
OCT. 23rd
at the
TRANS-LUX THEATRE
60th Street on Madison Ave.

ALL SEATS RESERVED
Every evening at 8:30 P.M. Matinees daily, Sat., Sun. & Hols. at 2:30 P.M. Extra show Sat., Sun. & Hols. at 5:30 P.M. Late show Fri. & Sat. eves. at 11:30 P.M.
PRICES:— all seats $2.40 except matinees, Monday thru Friday, $1.80.

MAIL ORDERS NOW!
TRANS-LUX Theatre
60th St. On Madison Ave. • PL. 5-2746
Enclosed please find $.....
for ..... tickets at $.....
each for the.....(time) performance on ..... (date).
Alternates: Date.....Time.....
Date.....Time.....
NAME.....
Address.....
Make Check or Money Order payable to TRANS-LUX THEATRES CORP. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Mail orders promptly filled in order of receipt. Be sure to indicate alternate performances desired.

This engagement will be concurrent with regular continuous showings at the ASTOR Theatre.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years, whereas one "free tryout" will lose them perhaps six weeks work in one particular year.

There are other places for playwrights to get less professional tryouts of their work. The college drama departments would like to do a lot more new plays than they do, but as Columbia's Milton Smith puts it, "We can't find enough reasonably good scripts. Oddly enough our playwriting classes seldom produce a first-rate script. The ones we do are usually by someone who took a playwriting class ten years ago." Columbia, as do many other colleges, gives *workshop* performances to six plays by its students each year. Off-Broadway Theatres are in the same boat, and Jose Quintero, Circle-in-the-Square's talented young director, has been reading scripts all summer in a so far unsuccessful attempt to find a play to follow "Summer and Smoke." The New Dramatists give six to eight of their one hundred playwrights a chance to see their plays done by professional actors, but without costumes or scenery. This is made possible by Henry Morgenthau, Jr.'s contribution and Equity's permission for the group to use their actors without pay. From this precedent, Mr. Golden hopes that the idea may be enlarged through the inducing of the other unions to give similar permission so that the plays of young authors working on a Playwright's Loan might see their plays in a more complete ELT tryout.

"I'm going to try and do all of these things with the cooperation of all the fine people we have in the theatre. I don't say it will cure, but I'm sure it will help a lot more than this sniping," continued the producer, furiously throwing a parcel of clippings in front of him. "'Mausoleums,' 'horse and buggy theatres,' 'antiquated rookeries'! How is that kind of talk going to bring people into the theatre? I'm glad to see the New York Convention and Visitors' Bureau deplore this 'harmful publicity' which 'counteracts in important measure' their work. I wish, at least, that these people if they have to snipe, would come out and complain about a particular theatre or a particular ticket broker rather than deal in vague generalities which hurt the good with the bad."

"You know," said John Golden suddenly chuckling, "it's really funny. Rodgers and Hammerstein staying up late and working like dogs to attract people to New York so that they can spend money at the department stores. In a way they're working for Gimbels. If we had more playwrights, we wouldn't just need new theatres, we'd need a few new department stores."

—Henry Hewes.

DAVID GARRICK & SIR JOSHUA

(*Continued from page* 21)

which the sitter considered "damned vulgar."

Once when Northcote was a pupil living in Sir Joshua's house he "heard Garrick complain that it was a very great fatigue to him to dine in company so frequently as his interest seemed to require. From hence we may conclude, that he considered himself as under the necessity of being a very delightful companion, which he certainly was; but had he been content to be like other persons at table, it would have then been no fatigue to him. On the same account he avoided ever going to a masquerade in any specific personification, as that would have involved him in the difficulty of supporting his character as a wit."

IN his commonplace-book Malone writes to the same effect: "Mr. Garrick always took care to leave company with a good impression in his favor. After he had told some good story or defeated an antagonist by wit or raillery, he often disappointed the people who hoped that he would continue to entertain them and receive the praise and admiration they were ready enough to give. But he was so artificial that he could break away in the midst of the highest festivity, merely in order to secure the impression he had made. On this part of his character it was well said by Colman that he never came into company without laying a plot for an escape out of it."

Percy Fitzgerald in his "Life of Garrick" asserts that Sir Joshua "bears testimony to the charm of [Garrick's] company at the great tables, his gaiety, subdued vivacity, his wit on light subjects, and his acuteness and information in graver matters." Sir Joshua does nothing of the sort. Fitzgerald, of course, knew nothing of the character sketch which is here first printed and wove his fiction from materials found in the Johnsonian dialogues which are reprinted in this book. That the memoir rather than the dialogues represents Sir Joshua's real opinion of Garrick is indisputable. The germ of it is a note in the Boswell Papers, which Sir Joshua made while Garrick was alive:

> Gar. by too great a desire after the reputation of being a wit, the object from whom the whole company are to receive their entertainment, spoils every company he goes into.

Apparently the sketch was never completed. What has survived is an extremely rough draft in which the author has tried various ways of phrasing his ideas. The text here established includes some phrases which were deleted, excludes some which were substituted, the aim being to present what in the editor's opinion is the most intelligible account. The last paragraph in particular lacks the polish which is seen to what Sir Joshua allowed himself to send to a printer. But though the manuscript is a crude one, it is none the less interesting, supplementing as it does the portraits of the actor which Reynolds handed down to posterity.

"Garrick and the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy," by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

MR. GUINNESS DOES IT AGAIN

—From "The Promoter."

Alec Guinness and Glynis Johns—"a wonderfully comic pair."

LIFE for Alec Guinness must be getting more and more difficult with each new role that he undertakes, for every movie in which he has appeared has topped in wit and success the previous one with such regularity as to delight students of arithmetical progression. The latest movie in which he stars is "The Promoter," and it can be reported that it carries on the progression as firmly as did "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "The Lavender Hill Mob," and "The Man in the White Suit."

For some reason the title used in England, "The Card," has been abandoned here, perhaps because the Arnold Bennett novel of that name is not quite so familiar to American audiences. "The Card" was one of Bennett's highly popular novels, and was one of a series about the Five Towns made famous in "The Old Wives' Tale." Its potentialities for humor have been taken full advantage of by Eric Ambler, who wrote the screenplay, and a stunningly capable cast that includes Glynis Johns and Valerie Hobson has given it a rich flavor. Ronald Neames, the director, has a large reputation in England, and "The Promoter" should help to give him one here.

Alec Guinness plays Denry Machin, a young man born of a washerwoman mother in the grimy town of Bursley, where the prosperous and the poor are separated by seemingly unbreachable barriers. Denry's rise to a position of high prominence in the town is due to the gentle opportunism of his nature and his ability to discern the business methods by which five pounds may be compounded into fifty, and fifty into five thousand. It all adds up to a pungent satire on the nature of business methods. His career encompasses an invitation to the municipal ball given by the austere Countess of Chell (Valerie Hobson), an easy enough maneuver since he is the clerk handling the mailing list, then a job as rent collector and estate manager, culminating with some polite usury in his promotion of The Universal Thrift Club, having as its motto: Spend as You Save. The backer for this final venture, which makes him rich, is no less than the Countess of Chell. It is only right and proper, and very funny, that he eventually be elected the youngest mayor in Bursley's history.

Along his path to success (the time is roughly the early 1900's) Denry meets Ruth Earp (Glynis Johns), a penniless dancing teacher who shows abilities, in her own sweetly feminine way, almost equal to those of Denry. They never do quite hit it off, recognizing as they do very similar qualities in each other. Denry, however, has the better inner nature. He lacks certain scruples, but has others in abundance. While helping himself he also helps the town; he is loyal to his dour mother and to his friends. Miss Earp somehow seems deadlier. Glynis Johns, a fine actress, has never been better than in this role. Her voice has the potency and the timbre of a musical instrument, and it is as fascinating to behold her at work as it is Mr. Guinness. They are a wonderfully comic pair. Veronica Turleigh, as Denry's mother, is convincing and touching; but hers is only one of many gems of characterization throughout the movie. The whole represents motion-picture making on the very highest level, and I very much doubt if there is going to be a funnier movie around for a long time to come. Even the renowned Mr. Guinness will find it difficult to top this one.

* * *

"The Snows of Kilimanjaro" has opened in New York and it is announced by 20th Century-Fox that it is bringing in greater box-office returns than "David and Bathsheba," its last year's bonanza. The returns, however, in entertainment quality are small. It is a dull, long, and pretentious movie fashioned, sad to say, from the most promising of material, one of Hemingway's best short stories. Hemingway wrote about a sick-at-heart writer who had gone big-game hunting in Africa in an attempt to "work the fat off his soul" and to regain the early promise of his talent. The means were dubious to begin with, and the writer was further encumbered by a rich wife he had married for expediency. The writer died before his spiritual regeneration could take effect; the leg gangrene was really the outer manifestation of an inner infection. So brilliant was the writing and technique of the story that the death of the writer was made to take on a moving and tragic quality. *Look Magazine* recently reported with some enthusiasm that Casey Robinson, the screenwriter, took three years to decide on an ending for the movie version. The time required is rather mystifying. For now we have the writer recovering from the infection through the good offices of his wife (Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward respectively), and the tale becomes one of the triumph of faith, courage, and mutual love over the forces of death; in short, a very standard Hollywood resolution.

This splendid soap-opera was produced by Darryl Zanuck and directed by Henry King. In addition to Peck and Miss Hayward, it stars Ava Gardner as a girl with a soul and on the loose in Paris, and Hildegarde Neff as a countess without a soul and inhabiting some of the fancier spots of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Riviera. In representing these backgrounds both the director and the screenwriter make a sophomoric attempt to portray sophistication. Now and then, in the African sequences, some shots of game are interspersed, and there are backflash travels (having little or nothing to do with the Hemingway story, or *this* Hemingway story) that take Gregory Peck and the women in his life to Michigan, Paris, the Riviera, and Spain, where there are known to be bullfights and a civil war.

It is hard to determine, when Mr. Peck took up a gun in Spain, just which side he was fighting for, but whichever it was it had no meaning, and all he really wanted to do anyway was find Ava Gardner who, by now, is driving an ambulance for (I suspect) the Loyalists. He finds her, too, in the nick of time, for her ambulance has been hit by a shell and she is slowly bleeding to death. Then he loses her again, and marries Susan Hayward, but not before a chap called Uncle Bill has had the chance to turn up from time to time with the mystical advice: "Go to Africa, my boy, and hunt." Gregory Peck groans and grunts and moons through it all, and every now and then makes like a big-hearted, hairy, bull-chested writer. It doesn't become him, but Miss Hayward looks attractive enough to make one wonder how she stands the fellow, infected leg and all. There is a hyena that eventually prowls around their tent in Africa, and he perks up the show tremendously. A fine actor, this hyena. There are rumors that already he is being mentioned for Academy Award consideration.

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

The Promoter: Reviewed in this issue.

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13).

Beauty and the Devil: The Faust legend imbued by René Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

TV and Radio

GROUCHO MARX VS. THE PEOPLE—II

WE were talking [*SR* Sept. 27] about conversations Groucho gets into with people he meets away from the television and radio studios, and how, by a gentle kind of prodding, he is able to elicit from them the unusual dialogue which has made his quiz program the outstanding success it is. In my last piece I told you about the Groucho Marx who occasionally visits New York. At home in Beverly Hills, California, his life is more ordered, more placid, and yet quite complicated by his love for people and their foibles.

To him all the world's a stage and all its men and women merely straightmen. Almost any sentence of the most casual conversation becomes a straight line, and you can actually see his glasses light up as his mind moves in for its laugh. Quite often the laugh is obscure, as he answers a straight line with an almost forgotten joke from "Coconuts" or "I'll Say She Is," which never got a laugh when he told it in the theatre, but which he kept right on telling night after night for many years.

A neighbor will call across his backyard to Groucho that he bought a new awning for two hundred dollars. And Groucho will casually reply, "For two hundred dollars I can get an Eskimo and make my own ice." A man can give him a good cigar and tell Groucho it costs a dollar. "For a dollar," says Groucho, "I can get an Eskimo and make my own ice."

The neighbor or the man will always laugh. It is quite obvious they never heard Groucho try to buy a piece of ice from Chico in "Coconuts" and when Chico said he wanted fifty cents, Groucho replied that for fifty cents he could get an Eskimo and make his own ice. Groucho realizes they don't know what he's talking about but he's happy about the reply he gave, and he moves on to the next straight line.

A hostess will invite him to dinner.

"Do you like roast beef?" she will ask Groucho.

"Yes," he'll say, "if it goes home early."

Groucho calmly waits for the answer. It always comes.

"Oh, you can leave whenever you like, Groucho," is the startled reply. "I know you don't like to stay up late." Groucho is happy.

He lives alone in a large two-storied home along a typical tree-lined Beverly Hills street. Suddenly one day a couple of years ago he decided he didn't like walking from the living room to his study upstairs, so he ran an ad in the paper announcing the house was for sale. A week or two later someone told him about escalators. One was installed at a cost of $1,700 along the staircase leading to the study. It seats two. And he likes company as he takes it up. So there the two of you sit—knee to knee, as it makes its non-stop flight to the second floor.

—*Acme.*

Groucho and Melinda—"lovable little schizophrenic."

WHEN I visit the coast Groucho insists I stay with him. He's a most charming host. An extra glass of orange juice at the breakfast table will bring forth: "Take it easy. Oranges don't grow on trees, you know." Or the moment you arrive and your bags are being taken to your room—"Quite a lot of baggage. How long you figuring on staying?" But here's what I started to say. The last time I visited him a few months ago we were sitting quietly in the living-room, just the two of us, when the maid tip-toed in and announced some people wanted to see the house. Groucho said let them in. A man, his wife, and two children came in, wandered around, wound up past us in the living-room, where Groucho nodded affably and engaged them in small talk until they departed. He explained he had never taken the ad out of the paper offering the house for sale.

On that last visit I returned to the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house early one evening and the lower floor was quiet and deserted in the growing darkness. Upstairs I heard the mumble of his voice. I walked quietly up the stairs toward his study and remembered that this was Melinda's day to come to visit. Melinda is Groucho's six-year-old daughter, a lovable little schizophrenic whose extensive wardrobe transforms her from a fairy princess to Hopalong Cassidy to a small party-going debutante to just plain Okie. Needless to say, Groucho lives for Melinda and this evening he was telling her a story. Melinda loves stories and if you adlib one you better remember it because she'll want to hear it again. I stood unseen in the doorway as Groucho adlibbed for her this intriguing little yarn:

"Tommy was a poor little boy," he was saying. "He got up one morning and his mother said there is no food in the house, so you better go out and get some money. Tommy went out and he was hungry. As he was walking along he saw a little girl run across the street just as a car was coming along. He dashed out on the street and saved the little girl's life. The little girl's nurse said, 'Oh, you have saved the little girl's life. Her father is rich and he will reward you.' So they went to the little girl's house and the nurse told the father that Tommy had saved the little girl's life. And the father said to Tommy, 'You have saved my little girl's life and I will reward you. Here is four thousand dollars.' And Tommy said, 'Oh good, now I can buy some food. I have not eaten anything all day.' And the father said, 'Wait a minute. Here are some cookies and a glass of milk.' So Tommy drank the whole glass of milk and ate all the cookies. He was really hungry. When he finished, the father said, 'You better go home now and here is your money. Thirty-five hundred dollars.' He had reconsidered."

I lurched into the room and stared unbelievingly at the star of "You Bet Your Life." He merely looked up at me and said quietly, "She's got to learn sometime."

I shook my head dismally. His friends often shake their heads dismally at new Grouchoisms. When they do Groucho looks hurt and resigned. "Oh, that's all right. I'll soon be out of your way," he'll say.

He won't.

—Goodman Ace.

Music to My Ears

ALICIAS IN ASCENDANCE—SERAFIN'S SINGING STRINGS

THERE comes a moment in every great ballerina's career when the act of dancing ceases to be a matter of muscular effort and seems to proceed from the body by direction of the mind without any intermediary functioning. That moment came for Alicia Alonso in her masterful work with Igor Youskevitch during the "Black Swan" *pas de deux* at the opening performance of the Ballet Theatre in the Metropolitan Opera House.

This may seem an over-romantic view of Miss Alonso's latest demonstration of exceptional capacity, but it falls short of describing the line of her arabesque, the implacable balance of her attitudes, the solidity of every posture. Nor could it suggest how all these tricks in a fairly shabby virtuoso turn conveyed something of meaning far beyond the work involved. The body reacted, but was not exploited; it worked but was not driven; a surging sense of dance animated everything she did.

Dance-wise, this was the shining deed of an evening that began with a good "Sylphides" (in which Alonso was also prominent), proceeded with Roland Petit's "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," which becomes thinner under the stress of repetition, and ended with David Lichine's joyous "Graduation Ball" in a new production with himself as one of the junior cadets (and a leading figure of the "Perpetuum Mobile"). With his wife, Tatiana Riabouchinska, as the mistress of ceremonies and John Kriza in his old role of the Drummer, time was more than pleasantly reversed.

Rather than being reversed, time virtually stood still in the period during which Alicia Markova made her long-awaited reappearance in New York in the second-night "Giselle." The coincidence that sees one star named Alicia in ascendance while another is still at its zenith cannot have often been duplicated in the same company. Despite her long absence from public performance owing to an ankle injury, Alicia I still reigns in glory where the domain is "the Rhineland at vintage time" (as the program describes the locale for "Giselle").

Memory is a tricky ally, but it seemed to me that while dancing as well as ever, Markova did not dance as much as customary in this "Giselle." The will o' the wisp lightness, the ease and grace of the earlier episode were miraculously intact. However the arrangement of the second act tended more to display work than to character projection, the corps de ballet seemed not quite sure what would come next, and Paula Lloyd's Myrtha was only a suggestion of such a great one as Rosella Hightower. Igor Youskevitch's Albrecht was of his customary distinction.

ONE had hardly imagined that, after a week of Tullio Serafin's work at the City Center, one would single out the orchestra as the voice which had learned best how to sing under his direction. Working forward from his "Tosca" (in which the orchestra has no major opportunity to sing) to "Traviata" to "Aida," one became ever more conscious of his ear for nuance, his sense of shading and contrast. Oddly enough, it emerged as an isolated phenomenon which contributed no provocative drama to what was happening on the stage. Lush and beautiful to hear, it remained wholly decorative. One thrust of vigor in the cries of "Guerra" in the first scene would have stirred the blood more, but these sounds certainly caressed the ear.

The vocal interest of the "Aida" was shared by Anne McKnight, a promisingly intense slave and a vigorously vocal one, and Margery Mayer, a decidedly able Amneris. However, the loud dry tones of Roberto Turrini gave little illusion to the music of Rhadames, and the crying need of this work for massive effects was defeated by the confining size of the City Center stage, with the staging varying from ineffective to unintelligent. Lawrence Winters as Amonasro gave a powerful accent to his part. So far, however, it has been a season lighted by the rising lustre of McKnight rather than the dimming one of Serafin.

—Irving Kolodin.

Record Week

TAKEN altogether, the most surprising increment of LP is the new vitality it has given to vocal values past and present. Under what other circumstance can one imagine a reissue of some sixty 78-rpm sides by Heinrich Schlusnus (as contained on Decca DL9620-1-2-3-4, $5.85 each), or a series of Puccini duets by Anne

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roselle, soprano, and Alfred Piccaver, tenor (Eterna 0-478, $5.95), or sixteen songs from Hugo Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch," sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Decca DL9632, $5.45)? The answer is automatic: one can't.

No matter how well one knows the fluid, poignant art of the late Schlusnus, there are bound to be some surprises in this series of which I have, so far, heard only the first disc. Along with the memorable "Ständchen" and "Der Atlas" of Schubert is a superb "Forelle" not known to me before, while the Wolf group includes a lightly lyrical "Der Gärtner" to balance the expressive "Verborgenheit." On the other hand, Schlusnus was not the relentless critic of his own art he might have been, for the Wolf "Heimweh" in this collection is rather throaty, the Schubert "Nachtstück" not as well controlled as it might be. But these are deviations only from his own exceptional standard. By any other, it is all lieder singing of the noblest kind. Excellent processing, save for some inequalities in volume level.

An oddity of the Roselle-Piccaver disc (alternate solos from "Turandot" on one side, excerpts from "Bohème," "Fanciulla del West," and "Butterfly" on the other) is the coincidence that both were foreign-born, both grew to maturity in this country, and both had their important careers abroad. Those who only heard Roselle in the Thirties will be astonished by the power and certainty of her "Turandot" excerpts, while those who didn't happen to hear Piccaver at any time will find the warmth and richness of his voice ample explanation for his enormous favor in Vienna, where he spent most of his active life. The original 78's vary from fair to poor, with equivalent results in the processed 33's.

Few postwar baritones have amassed the reputation, in discriminating European circles, of Fischer-Dieskau, whose lengthy series of Wolf songs may be re-mentioned, for those who missed a previous review. Sixteen successive Wolf songs (including such great ones as "Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter," "Gesegnet sei," and "Ein Ständchen euch zu bringen") are an almost intolerable test for any singer's intelligence, and one which Fischer-Dieskau survives triumphantly. What is lacking, however, is a sense of vocal plenitude, of tonal reserve and unused power. At some crucial moments the words are spoken rather than sung and the vocal line lapses. Hertha Klust is the pianist. In this instance the reproduction is beyond reproach. —I. K.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

JAILBIRDS

The following authors have one thing in common. They turned out worthwhile literature while in prison. Blanche McKeown of Memphis, Tennessee asks you to identify the following men. Allowing five points for each, sixty is par, seventy is good and eighty is a score to be proud of. Answers on page 37.

1. This man, who died by drinking hemlock, was imprisoned on a charge of heresy against the state and corruption of youth.
2. A very consecrated man, imprisoned for his religious belief, wrote letters of encouragement to newly established churches while under house arrest in Rome.
3. He lived by his wits in fifteenth century France while he wrote poetry of beauty and bitterness.
4. When the secretary of an English nobleman married his employer's under age ward, he was put in Fleet Street Prison where he wrote poetry and letters.
5. He wrote while imprisoned in the Tower of London, but he is better known for spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth.
6. Although he wrote many beautiful poems, he is best remembered for the line, "Stone walls do not a prison make."
7. A poor tinker spent his prison sentence writing a long allegory on man's journey toward heaven.
8. An exotic of Victorian England wrote poems describing his impressions of prison life.
9. Short stories that set the pattern for a whole generation of writers were the work of a man serving a term for embezzlement.
10. When he was imprisoned for his religious beliefs and for his subversive activities, this man wrote words of encouragement to his countrymen urging them to gain their objectives by peace rather than violence.

BILLY THE KID

(*Continued from page 12*)

heroic level. Marshall Ashmum Upson was born in Wolcott, Connecticut, in 1828, and like Ben Franklin and Mark Twain got most of his education in a print shop. James Gordon Bennett's *New York Herald* provided his first reporter's job. After that he drifted westward. In 1867 he established the *Albuquerque Press,* which he published for two years, and later the *Las Vegas Mail.* For a while he dabbled in politics, but unfavorable publicity arising from his part in state speculation drove him back to the printer's case. In 1881 he became a boarder in the house of Pat Garrett, who in the same year shot Billy the Kid. When a few months later Garrett decided to write a book about the Kid, both to exonerate himself from charges that he had shot Bonney unfairly and to cash in on the wide interest in the shooting, what was more natural than to turn to his literary friend and housemate Upson for aid?

ON March 12, 1882, the *Daily New Mexican* announced that the book was ready for sale, fifty cents a copy postpaid. Authoratively entitled "The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid, the Noted Desperado of the Southwest," this slim volume of 137 pages is the fountainhead of most later Billy the Kid literature. It set the standard pattern of the Kid's career, from which few have deviated. We cannot analyze it as if it were an historical monograph; it is more literary than historical. It does for New Mexico what Mark Twain's "Roughing It" did for Nevada: elevates it to a realm of the metaphor and well-turned phrase.

Some of the toughness of Billy got into the prose, and some of the plainness of Pat Garrett. The book is considerably less Victorian than anything else Upson ever wrote. Partiality to Billy is written on every page. "All who ever knew Billy will testify that his polite, cordial, and gentlemanly bearing invited confidence and promised protection—the first of which he never betrayed, and the latter he was never known to withhold." Enter the legend that Billy was a chivalric knight-errant, not a mere killer. "If purity of conversation were the test, hundreds of the prominent citizens of New Mexico would be taken for desperadoes sooner than young Bonney." Add a dash of Sir Galahad. "The aged, the poor, the sick, the unfortunate and helpless never appealed to Billy in vain for succor." Enter the Robin Hood motif. "Billy was, when circum-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stance permitted, scrupulously neat and elegant in dress." Add a dash of Beau Brummel. And so it goes, until a full-fledged hero emerges in the last chapters.

Upson was enormously pleased with his job with Billy the Kid. "I am now engaged in getting together data for a full history of the county," he wrote his sister enthusiastically in 1882, "The Indian Wars, the Harold War, several less important vignettes, and the great cattleman's war from 1876 to 1880. This will be published by subscription." It never was. Professor Maurice G. Fulton, Upson's biographer, tells of reports that Ash left a trunk full of papers and clippings, but he has been unable to locate it. Some idea of Upson's rapid decline in his later years can be gained from his obituary published in the *Roswell Register* for October 31, 1894. "He lived for forty years in violation of every law of health, and nothing but an incomparable vitality kept him alive for years. His many friends will regret to learn of his death, although it was not unexpected." He left as his contribution to the American scene the fascinating figure of a young American Faust galloping over the Southwestern plains to a blood-filled Walpurgis Night.

Like Walt Whitman, Charles Siringo preferred to find out about life first hand. He knew; he suffered; he was there. In all his writing Siringo played on the same three themes: his own experience as cowboy and detective, the role of tough men in the West, and the innate greatness of Billy the Kid. These things sustained him for years and carried him from Texas, where he was born in 1855, to Hollywood, where he was technical adviser on Western movies until his death in 1928. Numerous real cowhands have vouched for the authenticity of Siringo's stories and history. "A Texas Cowboy" became the cowboy's Bible. Written with a glow and a glee, it holds its own today in both cloth and paper-back editions. Had Siringo's book been the only one to deal with the Kid, Bonney would on its strength alone have gained a place of notoriety among Southwest outlaws. A high point of the book is Siringo's tale of meeting Billy on the LZ Range in the winter of 1878-79. He also knew Pat Garrett, who filled his mind with details of Billy's early career. The meeting with Billy kept magnifying in importance in Siringo's mind, until when he put out "A Lonestar Cowboy" in 1919 he added new details about giving the Kid his new ten-dollar meerschaum cigar holder, for which Billy gave him in return "a finely bound novel which he had finished reading." (To envisage Billy as a collector of fine bindings requires vision.) A year later Siringo put out a book devoted entirely to hero-worship, called "History of Billy the Kid," in which he reveals his deep admiration for his killer-hero with details of his own campaign to place a lasting monument at the grave of the Kid.

NO one got the story of Billy over to so many people so well as Charlie Siringo. He is by far the most important disseminator of the legend to the average American reader and, through his work in Hollywood, the average American movie-goer. Realizing how many Americans get into these two categories, one can call him the popularizer of Billy to mass audiences. His importance as a hero-maker far surpasses his importance as a writer or historian. As J. Frank Dobie (who knows more about Siringo than any one else) has pointed out, "He had almost nothing to say on life, he reported actions. He put down something valid on a class of livers, as remote now from the Atomic Age as Rameses II." Instead of hindering us their remoteness attracts us all the more. The fact that there can never be another Billy the Kid with a gray horse, blazing six shooters, and open range to cavort in gives him a distantness and mystery that enhances him beyond believing.

Raised on a mild, rolling corn-belt farm, Emerson Hough spent the best years of his life courting the wild and woolly West. He was born in Newton, Iowa, and graduated from the state university's law school in 1880. In 1883 he set up his law office in the little town of White Oaks, New Mexico, but was never too concerned with the law. Hough spent his time seeking out characters in the bloody Lincoln County war and collecting tales of the struggle in the back country. The local color of New Mexico fascinated him, and provided him with the basic material for a successful writer's career. Before his death in 1923 he had twenty-nine books to his credit, none so important to American letters as an eight-page article for a magazine. "The True Story of a Western Bad Man," published in the September 1901 *Everybody's Magazine*, is one of the shortest prose pieces to play a major role in the creating of an American hero.

In essence Hough put horns and tails on our juvenile killer, and saw the outlines of a pitchfork where others had only seen a fast-moving six-shooter. It was Faust gone Western that Hough envisioned. He sharpened up the image in his best-selling "The Story of the Outlaw: A Study of the Western Desperado" (1907). In a chapter called "The Man Hunt" he pictures brave Pat Garrett tracking

down this *fiendus Americanus* in barren New Mexico. We can practically smell the sulphur when Billy's riddled body sinks to the floor. Instead of hurting Billy's reputation, Hough's accounts made him seem more wicked and hence vastly more interesting. With his boy's love of the forests and the beckoning roads, Hough brought his own bumptious enthusiasm and energy to bear on his stories. He did such a good job of damning Billy the Kid that he helped damn him right into immortality.

The fourth hero-maker did not invent, but revived, the Kid's saga. Born in Lebanon, Kentucky, in 1872, Walter Noble Burns got printer's ink in his blood even before high-school days were behind him. In subsequent years his Westward urge carried him to newspaper jobs in St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco. Between jobs he decided to try the life on the rolling sea, and made a long whaling voyage aboard the brigantine *Alexander*. Experiences in the South Sea, Behring Sea, and Arctic Ocean were the basis of his first book, "A Year with a Whaler" (1913). He also tried his hand at soldiering, serving with the First Kentucky Infantry in the Spanish American War. He struck his best vein, however, when he left the sea and the West Indies and concentrated on the Western plains. "Tombstone," "The One Way Ride," and "The Robin Hood of El Dorado" were books all widely acclaimed before his death in 1932; but his "Saga of Billy the Kid" (1926) marked his real contribution to the mythology of the West.

This pivotal volume ended the lull that had set in with Bonney material after Siringo stopped writing about 1920. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that Burns restated the story in such a contemporary fashion that dozens of movie, comic, and pulp writers have drawn from him as a thirsty man draws water from a well. "The Saga of Billy the Kid" is required reading for the student of the heroic process in America. Burns sees that Bonney's story is folklore in the making, related to the Homeric succession. "A hundred years or so from now," he predicts, "Billy the Kid will appear in fireside tales." To such an-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Culver Service.

Billy's mother—"(he) is more of a god."

cient rogues as Robin Hood, Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and Fra Diavolo he compares Billy, whose legend he believes is destined to "a mellow and genial immortality." Burns contributes sizably to that legend by his apt choice of words, tales, and comparisons. To him Billy is a genius "painting his name in flaming colors with a six-shooter across the sky of the Southwest." His is a unique and extraordinary personality, "frozen egotism plus recklessness and minus mercy." He is "not of the stuff of ordinary men," but has instead the "debonair courage of a cavalier" and "the afflatus that made him the finished master." He is "born to battle and vendetta, to hatred and murder, to tragic victory and tragic defeat." He is, in short, more of a god than a man.

As much as any other writer Burns sensed the cosmic qualities involved in Billy's Faustian career. "Opposite him played Death, he states dramatically. "It was a drama of Death and the Boy. He laughed at Death. Death was a joke. He waved Death a jaunty goodbye and was off to new adventures." This is fine writing, much better than that of the earlier hero makers. Burns turned a mean metaphor, and carried a formidable arsenal of adjectives. Billy was an ideal subject for him, a man whose bizarre life and death challenged his powers as a writer. As his 1926 title indicated, he intended to write a saga; if he did not do that, he at least added much to the saga that was already thriving.

So much for book sources of the Kid's legend. As any student of American culture knows, this gives only a partial view, since much legendizing is on the oral level also. The troubadour's note is probably more telling in the long run than the printer's touch. Legends passed down orally in America from one generation to another form a Homeric succession that is independent of the printing presses. Stories of Billy's charm, courage, Faustian abandon, and dramatic death are indispensable if he is to be a folk hero. "As each narrative adds a bit of drama here and a picturesque detail there," writes B. A. Botkin, "one wonders what form these legends will assume as time goes by, and in what heroic proportions Billy the Kid will appear in fireside fairy tales a hundred years or so from now."

In many ways William H. Bonney symbolized the whole pastoral epoch doomed by the railroad, tractor, and homesteader. He died grimly with both guns roaring defiance and death. If his particular crimes are dated, his appeal is not. Twentieth-century readers like their heroes raw, with a little blood on them. Having read the tough novels of Hemingway, Caldwell, and Faulkner, and seen such tough movie idols as Bogart, Cagney, and Raft, they are naturally attracted to this early killer. He got through all the scrapes the movies have later contrived, without a fall guy or double; even with mirrors the movie fictionists haven't been able to improve on his reality.

Like Faust, Billy the Kid sensed the drama in his own evil career, and even enjoyed his predicament. When, says the legend, the Las Vegas judge sentenced him to be hanged, he wanted to make sure his pronouncement of death sank in. "You are sentenced to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead," intoned the judge. To which Billy quickly replied, "And you can go to hell, hell, hell!" Faust could not have improved on that line.

After Billy had been shot the townsmen dragged the body across the street to a carpenter's shop, where the young villain was stretched out on a bench. Candles were placed beside him, casting flickering shadows on the face of the hardened killer. The next day they buried him in a borrowed white shirt too large for the slim boy, placing him in a plain wooden coffin. Admirers scraped together $208 for a simple gravestone, later splintered and carried away by relic hunters. He had been on this earth exactly twenty-one years, seven months, and twenty-one days—long enough to supply the basis for an American legend.

The Kid had a lurking devil in him, sometimes debonair and impish, sometimes bloodthirsty and fiendish, as circumstances prompted. History favored the worser angel, and the Kid fell. His damnable life ended with a deserved death. Since God condemned, Americans have been content to forgive. May God have mercy on his soul.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

event following on fifty years of happy understanding and work together is not forecast and doesn't satisfactorily clear up the apparent mystery of the act. Before she reaches that point, however, she has established some good scenes of frontier life. For a fault, there was a little too much antique shop emphasis on descriptions of furniture and foods. The space devoted to these might better have gone to the more solid character building that would have tied the story up more neatly. —E. J. F.

EXPOSURE OF A GOOD WOMAN: The legend of Susanna and the elders gets a thorough and iconoclastic working over in Marnix Gijsen's witty **"Joachim of Babylon"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $2). Life with Susanna was a pretty dreary affair even before that highly publicized incident with the elders made her virtue a byword. After that it was just plain hell. That, at least, is the story that her husband tells us. Seems Susanna was a girl so wrapped up in her own beauty and concept of virtue that she early cooled the ardor of her husband and made such a virtue of her virtue that he never did have much fun. That's really about all there is to Mr. Gijsen's retelling of the tale, but it is done with such sly urbanity as to provide delightful reading. And Joachim, the narrator, emerges from the shadows to which Susanna's notoriety had relegated him as a charming cynic, heroically but hopelessly battling with that most powerful of legendary figures, the good woman. —E. J. F.

BE-BOP AND BLUES: The demi-world of the hipster, the be-bop devotee, the marijuana smoker, the chronic drinker has been getting a deal of novelistic attention in recent months. More, I suspect, than it deserves, particularly since few of the writers have anything much to say about it. Clellon Holmes makes his stab at the subject with a first novel **"Go"** (Scribner, $3.50) that leaves the subject pretty much where he found it. He rushes his characters around a recognizable New York, into and out of beer bars, after-hours joints, marijuana parties, and be-bop temples. He kills off one of them, has four others arrested for petty thievery, almost wrecks but finally saves the marriage of his principals and generally creates the impression of a lot of frenzied rushing around. All of this is supposed to make you feel very sad, and probably will, but not necessarily

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the reason Mr. Holmes intended. You're supposed to see these characters as spiritually impoverished tragic figures. Spiritually impoverished they certainly are, but their tragedy eludes me. —E. J. F.

SUCCESS STORY: Immigrants from Crimea in the latter part of the nineteenth century settled in Kansas with a precious hoard of winter wheat seed and proceeded to establish the base for the tremendous wheat crops that have enriched our national life. Helen Clark Fernald has tried to construct a novel, **"Plow the Dew Under"** (Longmans, $3), around this promising material, but it can't be said that she's been notably successful. Most of her story—which concerns the struggles of young Ilya to throw off his Russian past, learn American ways, and get into the stream of American success—is as innocent of artistry as an old-fashioned text for a high-school civics course. The characters are most of them good, which means they believe in the American Dream; the bad ones do not subscribe to these principles, but they get their come-uppance at the hands of the more right thinking. The author has a brief skirmish with the question of racial prejudice (which she's against), but the issues here are so artlessly presented as to bear little relation to this dark threat.—E. J. F.

COMPLEX KING: The life of Philip II of Spain—his four marriages, his amours, his long struggle to beget an heir to the throne, his illnesses, his cruelties, and conflicts with his children—provides the material for Louis Zara's historical romance **"In the House of the King"** (Crown, $3). It all makes for lively reading. In addition, the author has tried to explain some of Philip's less endearing qualities, such as what looks mighty like sadism, by providing him with a self-starting Oedipus complex. This explanation pops up with such annoying regularity that one might suspect that Mr. Zara had just stumbled across Freud. If you can disregard it, you'll find a story with enough dramatic ramifications to hold your interest. The secondary characters—in particular Don Carlos, and Philip's second wife, Mary of England—add plenty of color. The larger historical events are woven in skilfully, with the launching of the Spanish Armada against England providing a dramatic climax. As with his explanation of Philip's character, Mr. Zara isn't quite successful in letting us know why this didn't come off, but here as throughout the book the facts are dramatic enough. —E. J. F.

SIXTY-TWO FOR MISS BALDWIN: By my count **"The Juniper Tree"** (Rinehart, $3) is Faith Baldwin's sixty-second novel and she's still in there punching. This time her problem is Dave Barton. Forty-five, handsome, well-married, wealthy, successful in his father's drug business, David is of course unhappy as all get out. Life has no meaning for him. Perhaps it has to do with the accidental death of his adolescent son a short time back. Maybe he ought to think about his relationship with his wife. Drink—as he should have known—solves no problems for a Baldwin hero. Some feeble sorties with a psychiatrist don't help either. It's only when Miss Baldwin plunks him down in a hunting lodge in the Adirondacks and keeps him there for some two hundred pages that things get worked out. Don't ask me how. Something to do with the regenerating power of pure love. —E. J. F.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Socrates. 2. Saint Paul. 3. François Villon. 4. John Donne. 5. Sir Walter Raleigh. 6. Richard Lovelace. 7. John Bunyan. 8. Oscar Wilde. 9. William Sydney Porter. 10. Gandhi.

AMERICA'S GREATEST CHALLENGE

—by Walter E. Myer & Clay Coss . . .

Presents the tragic story of the political ignorance and indifference of millions of citizens.

Shows how our democracy and nation face serious danger unless millions of Americans change their political habits.

Tells what adults, individually and in groups, can do to build a better democracy.

Diagnoses the threat to our freedom caused by political apathy—a threat that has brought expressions of serious concern from leaders in all walks of life.

Analyzes the need for action by all Americans to hold on to our democracy.

Order copies from your bookstore, or use the coupon below.

Civic Education Service,
1733 K Street, N.W.,
Washington 6, D.C.

Please send me —— copies of *America's Greatest Challenge* by Walter E. Myer and Clay Coss, at $2.75 a copy. I enclose $_____ (check or money order).

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

A PEER BEHIND THE CURTAIN

THE press last week carried a notice that man would probably be traveling to the moon in ten years. It was an exciting idea destined to stir the imagination of adventurous travelers and enterprising travel agents. Both could dream about daily flights by Lunar-American Airways, packaged tours including three days at the Quarter-Moon Hotel and a guided trip through the craters.

There is no place man would rather visit than a place that's impossible to reach. As the summer phase of the travel season came to a calendar close last week the moon and the Redlands of earth were about the only places which were proving impenetrable to the American tourist.

Probably more is known about the moon than conditions inside the Soviet, but to help equate the balance we have on hand "Mirror to Russia" (British Book Center, $4.50), a new travel book on that curious union written by Marie Noële Kelly, wife of the British Ambassador to the USSR from 1949 to 1951. Normally, diplomats were confined to four roads out of Moscow over which they could travel no farther than thirty-one miles (since reduced to twenty-five). But the Russians, perhaps, did not reckon with the pertinacious ways of the British or the cupidity of women, and having found both strains in one person they were undone. So Lady Kelly rode the Russian rails, took to the Russian air, floated on the Russian seas, and has returned with a fresh and first-hand report on what conditions would be like for the traveler were the curtain raised.

Since no guide books are published in Russia, Lady Kelly fell back on a 1914 Baedeker. Once she had consulted the seer of Leipzig and decided where she wanted to go she wrote to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to ask its permission. If the Ministry agreed it would notify Intourist, the nationalized travel agency, which would then issue the tickets a few hours before train time. If permission was to be denied, word would come down that no hotel accommodations were available, or else no word would come at all. Still, Lady Kelly was able to fly to the Black Sea and the Caucasus, take a river steamer on the Volga. Visits to Russian cities a few hundred miles from Moscow had to be made by rail and it was never possible to change a schedule in mid-trip unless local authorities could get new permissions from Moscow.

Four MVD men in plain clothes followed the Kellys wherever they went, occupying the adjoining railway car, the adjoining hotel room, the adjoining table, the seats behind them in theatres, the sea around them when they bathed. When the Kellys arrived in new towns their MVD squad was joined by local agents. But despite the annoyance of finding the agents always at hand, the Kellys discovered that their personal companions were often a protection against overzealous soldiers who were anxious to arrest any foreigner at the first click of a camera.

THERE are no consuls even in the large cities of Kiev, Odessa, Leningrad, and Archangel, and the only foreigners seen by the local citizens are "carefully shepherded delegations." Lady Kelly found the Russians gentle and polite by nature except

---

ONE MAN'S MONTMARTRE

LAST week in Manhattan's Newton Galleries, Americans were having a double-barreled look at the Paris many of them had been looking at first-hand all summer. The impressions were by Michael Berry, a traveling artist-cartooner who spears Parisians and American tourists alike. (Says a U.S. matron in a restaurant: "Garçon, où est la you-know-what?"). Berry is gentler with the French and his drawings of them give off an ambience redolent of the Flore.

Boulevardier

G.I. Bill

La Coupôle

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when drunk or in fear of being compromised; the youth cheerful and gay; the children well cared for, and innumerable; the women shouldering an enormous burden of equal rights; the adult population generally passive and tense, never laughing or gossiping; the nation dedicated unsmilingly to a "uniform materialistic creed."

As for the people's pleasures, there is no tennis except for a few courts in public parks, no racing except for a small trotting course in Moscow, no golf at all, and no love-making in public no matter how innocuous. Lady Kelly found Moscow "a capital without elegance, sparkle or grace, aristocracy or glitter. It has no modern art, no brilliance such as in Paris or Athens, no one-man shows, no gay posters, no pavement artists, no loose ends, no barrel organs, hardly any neon lights, no bands in the parks, no window dressing, and no sign of any commercial initiative or venture." It is also a city bereft of beggars, baby carriages, and prostitutes, where smiles appear only on the faces of the old, the very poor, and the very young.

Lines form early outside the state-run stores for the eleven o'clock opening, and sometimes they are a quarter of a mile long by nine a.m. Moscow is a city of eight million without delivery service. In 1951 eggs were thirty cents each and butter was running $3.10 a pound. Sausages and black bread are the less expensive staples.

The foreign traveler in Leningrad might stay in the Astoria Hotel, which Lady Kelly describes as "redolent of the musty glories of 1910," when German *Kurhaus* art was in vogue. It has an expensive restaurant and a forest of bronze bears, marble cupids, and immovable ashtrays. In Moscow, the Savoy and the Metropole have much the same appurtenances, but there is more of a choice for those who want to dine and dance. The New Moskva Hotel is not available to the traveler, although its dining-room is open to all except the Muscovites themselves, who simply can't afford it.

The Kellys got into the country hotels where the decor often included two hard beds and a chair, plants but no curtains at the window. Breakfast in the local hotel dining-room might include *kasha* for porridge, toast cooked in oil, tea in a glass. Cost for three persons in such a hotel in Astrakhan for two nights without meals came to more than $25.

On train travel Lady Kelly reports that one may take a pre-1914 *wagon-lit* or else a Russian car in which the classes are termed either "soft" or "hard." Soft is about European second

Spain

has something different to show you!

Madrid

For a lively, lilting, completely rewarding travel experience, there's *no* place like colorful, captivating Spain today.

Share the uncrowded fun of its Fall and Winter highlights. Follow the sun to famous Mediterranean resorts . . . to Andalusia and all southern Spain. See so much that's so different at so little cost . . . with every modern travel convenience to enhance your enjoyment of time-mellowed old-world charm and romance.

The electric excitement of gay Madrid is less than a day away from New York, flying *direct* via world-proved TWA Constellations. Frequent Skyliner schedules, many fascinating tours of Spain available. And low, low Thrift Season rates make your *way* there as grand a value as your *stay* there.

See your Travel Agent, TWA or

SPANISH TOURIST OFFICE

NEW YORK • 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
CHICAGO • 39 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Ill.
SAN FRANCISCO • 68 Post Street, San Francisco 4, Calif.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW "Guest Ticket"

9 DAYS OF UNLIMITED RAIL TRAVEL

FOR ONLY $30.00 THIRD CLASS

$45.00 FIRST CLASS

A ticket you use like a *pass* — good on all trains (except "continental" boat trains), everywhere in Britain, for 9 days. YOUR TRAVEL AGENT will supply your ticket as well as train, channel steamer and hotel reservations.

IMPORTANT: This ticket must be secured *here—NOT obtainable in Britain.*

For literature and information, write Dept. 32 at any British Railways Office.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. Sixth St.
TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

Getting there is half the *fun!*

Crossing to Europe or cruising to lands of romance, each zestful day at sea aboard a Cunarder and each enchanted evening is a glorious, relaxing adventure, full of good living, companionship and fun!

Go CUNARD

See your local Cunard-Authorized Travel Agent

class, guarantees the voyager a thin mattress, sheets, pillow, and thin blanket, but no wash basin. Hard means wooden seats for daytime and rough bedding over a plank at night. A sort of tea can be had; beer is rare, vodka is expensive; there are few diners, but girls sell red caviar sandwiches and apples. A woman guard is assigned to each coach, which is locked between stops, and a loudspeaker in each car gives the news and some sharp instructions about keeping the place clean.

A boat ride on the Moscow sea proved a somber experience, with Russians walking the decks silently, honeymoon couples holding hands furtively, passengers sitting stiffly in cane chairs. Deck chairs are unknown. The bunks are narrow and hard, the bedding clean, the service by a corps of women in the restaurant rather raw. Looking over the rail one could see the vast, saddening horizons and on the banks statues of Lenin and Stalin.

Traveling on Soviet Aeroflot, the Russian airline, Lady Kelly found that commercial planes fly neither fast nor high and have mica windows. The main path of the airport garden at Kharkov is lined with life-sized portraits of the Politburo. At Sukhumi the waiting-room is decorated with busts of Stalin and Lenin and some quotations on Soviet aviation by Beria or Molotov. In the rest-room could be found the complete works of Engels, Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. It was covered with dust.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELER'S TALE

OUTDOOR GUIDE: The first of a series of new outdoor guides is Virginia and Ansel Adams's soft-cover version of **"Yosemite Valley"** (Stanford University Press, $1.50), previously privately published and now in its fifth edition. The Stanford treatment gives it a pocket size, a color cover, coated stock. Adams, of course, is famous for his photographs of the National Parks, and here with his wife he offers a fact-crammed, out-and-out guide to Yosemite complete with charts of the trails, a description of how to use them and what you can expect to see. In case the weather should be against you, there are dozens of Adams's dramatic outdoor photographs of lakes and fauns and rocks and pines. There is a list of famous Yosemite dates in back plus a useful guide to the animals and the flowers telling you the difference between a yellow-haired porcupine and a California spotted skunk. —H. S.

IDEAS

(*Continued from page* 15)

contemporary reaffirmation of a Stoic individualism and an emphatic renewal of a necessary phase of human experience. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

BERTRAND RUSSELL FROM A TO Z: Mark Twain once remarked that the dictionary made fascinating reading. The only trouble with it, he said, was that it changed its subject so often. Since it is difficult to relieve a dictionary of this deficiency, one more or less has to put up with it.

The same complaint, of course, applies to **"Bertrand Russell's Dictionary of Mind, Matter and Morals"** (Philosophical Library, $5), a collection of wise and witty comments which Lester E. Dennon, the editor (who also supplies an introduction), has culled from the philosopher's writings. It runs from Abelard ("Abelard's view that—apart from Scripture—dialectic is the sole road to truth, while no empiricist can accept it, had, at the time, a valuable effect as a solvent of prejudice and an encouragement to the fearless use of the intellect") to Zero ("0 is the class whose only member is the null-class"). In between there are pithy and sometimes biting sentences on almost every subject which has ever agitated Russell's alert and vigorous mind.

In a brief preface to the book the philosopher himself notes that his opinions have frequently changed in the course of his career. This he regards as fortunate, since it is only in fields where no one knows anything, like theology for example, that it is unnecessary to change one's mind. The dictionary entries illustrate again Russell's most salient quality—the quality of clarity. He says, "I prefer a clear statement subsequently disproved to a misty dictum capable of some profound interpretation." There is no doubt that Russell has possessed this virtue to a greater degree than any other philosopher and those who have to run while they read will find it amply illustrated in this dictionary.

—R. B.

THE ABUSE OF REASON: F. A. Hayek, who is now professor of social and moral science at the University of Chicago, investigates what he believes to be the principal abuse of reason in our day in a collection of papers called **"The Counter-Revolution of Science"** (Free Press, Glencoe, Ill., $4). As one who has previously distinguished himself as an opponent of planning in the political and economic sphere, Professor Hayek now appears as an op-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ponent of a certain kind of knowledge. This knowledge, in the broadest possible sense of the term, is sociological knowledge of the kind initiated and recommended by Saint-Simon and Comte. Saint-Simon and Comte, the *bêtes-noires* of the piece, believed in the possibility of applying to the study of society the same methods of inquiry which had been so spectacularly successful in the study of nature, namely, the methods of science. These methods, promoted by succeeding sociologists, seem to Hayek to be both futile and dangerous. They are futile because of essential and substantive differences between the objects of inquiry, nature, and society, and all attempts to investigate the latter as we do the former can only involve the fallacies of "objectivism," "collectivism," and "historicism." They are dangerous because they have made a "religion of engineering" and have produced the totalitarianisms of the twentieth century, the totalitarianism of the Right as well as of the Left. Indeed, in the concluding essay in the book, Hayek attempts to prove that Comte and Hegel were brothers under the skin and that both are the intellectual precursors of political doctrines we abhor.

We have to pay a tribute to Hayek's erudition. We cannot, however, refrain from asking how a sociology which is futile can at the same time be dangerous. This basic inconsistency neither his scholarship nor his sophistication can surmount. —R. B.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 486

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 486 will be found in the next issue.

GFNA BONCKPMN DK RA

FNM HMDCO GN CMN ARH

DEBCMHDCO WPQTNK.

CMDKHRHON

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 485

You cannot be a true man until you learn to obey.
—ROBERT E. LEE

At last! A masterly abridgement of THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY in two richly illustrated, wonderfully readable volumes.

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY, completed in 1936, swiftly became accepted by professional historians as a standard definitive work on the Middle Ages. Its reputation soon excited the interest of general readers as well. But because of its truly monumental bulk and its necessarily high price, it remained beyond the reach of many. To condense it into a compact form without sacrificing its dramatic power, its vivid reality, its sound scholarship, its unerring judgment was a task of towering dimensions.

One of the original editors, C. W. Previté-Orton, was persuaded to do the job and the result is a work that retains the essence of the complete eight-volume work while adding Previté-Orton's own writing mastery. The original and vivid illustrations assembled especially for this edition by Dr S. H. Steinberg make it almost an encyclopaedia of the Middle Ages, illuminating not only the great forces and personalities, but also the strange and curious byways that give the reading of history its flavor.

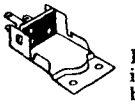
THE SHORTER CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY

2 volumes, boxed, 1,242 pages, 265 illustrations, 26 maps, 27 genealogical tables. $12.50 at all bookstores
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Have the thrill of your life.
Read
THE CRUEL SEA

By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT
$4.00—*at all bookstores*
ALFRED • A • KNOPF, *Publisher*

Capture Your "Missing Music" With a
PFAN-TONE
Strain-Sensitive Pickup



Discover the hidden music in your records—untapped by standard phonograph pickup equipment. Let amazing new Strain-Sensitive PFAN-TONE Pickup bring out the best in your records—old and new.

- ✓ **Exclusive New Principle Modulates** current from preamplifier—reproduces faithful electrical image.
- ✓ **Free From Hummmmm**—No coils to pick up induced current from turntable motor.
- ✓ **Easy to Install**—Now in handy KIT form. No soldering necessary.

Ask your radio supply man or write today for FREE INFORMATION. If you use a single play, professional turntable, ask about the new functional PFAN-WOOD TONEARM.

Pfanstiehl
CHEMICAL COMPANY
102 Lake View Avenue Waukegan Illinois

NOW READY—GENUINE PFANSTIEHL REPLACEMENT NEEDLES, tipped with Patented M47B Precious Metal Alloy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

AN AUTUMN ROUND-UP

THE films reviewed below deal with one or another phase of what is now inconclusively termed "human relations." Family life, parental and teacher guidance of the young, community services, and personal welfare—all important to the development of the individual and the structure of our society—are now in a sort of full-moon phase, and before they fade from prominence in the cyclical way of the world we might as well take advantage of the light they shed. Note that the films marked (*) are available from the designated source for purchase only. For rentals consult *The Saturday Review*'s List of Film Referral Libraries, copies of which are ten cents each.

Recent publications this season include two that are closely related to the subject at hand. A selective guide entitled "Mental Health Motion Pictures" has been prepared by the Public Health Service, is available at thirty cents a copy from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. Over one hundred films are briefly described and distribution sources given. "Motion Pictures on Child Life," a mimeographed listing prepared by Inez D. Lohr, has been issued by the Division of Reports, Children's Bureau, Federal Security Agency, Washington, D. C. Most of the films listed in both have been reviewed in these columns during the past few years.

FEARS OF CHILDREN. Produced for the Mental Health Film Board by the Julien Bryan International Film Foundation. Distributed for purchase only by the International Film Bureau, 57 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. (30 min.) The best of parents must necessarily arouse in their young children certain fears—of sharp knives, busy streets, and hundreds of other daily encountered objects and situations which can do actual harm. This is only reasonable. The purpose of the film at hand is to show that many children also have irrational fears whose origins parents often fail to understand and deal with effectively. Five-year-old Paul has terrifying nightmares, and often sulks without outward provocation. In one symbolical scene he is overwhelmingly afraid to climb into a rock cave, even with a playmate who is not at all afraid. The film indicates that Paul's behavior is not at all inexplicable; it stems from his precarious relationships with his father and his mother, and with his growing self. This can be seen clearly in the mother's babying of Paul, the father's demands that the child act like a man, and his own tensions at play. Far more subtle implications of the roots of the trouble can be found in scenes showing Paul in his parents' bedroom, at the breakfast table, and at his own bedtime. The symbolism throughout the film is neatly presented in visual terms.

From a friendly neighbor who has been through similar trials with her own small son, Paul's mother gets advice which starts her thinking. She is told that at his age Paul should have a chance to show anger and resentment toward his father without retaliation or punishment; he should have more freedom from his mother and her protective drives; and he should have more opportunity to see the world at his own pace and from his own point of view. The entire film rests its case on the fact that these measures do help reduce excessive fear in children, while coaxing, overlooking, or scolding do not.

Written and directed by Francis Thompson and photographed by Peter Glushanok, both of whom can be relied on for excellent film fare, the film has also the psychiatric counsel of Dr. Milton Senn and the psychological guidance of Nina Ridenour.

FAREWELL TO CHILDHOOD. Produced by Herbert Kerkow, Inc., for the Mental Health Film Board. Distributed by the International Film Bureau, see above. (20 min.) It is nothing new that adolescence is a troublesome time, but psychiatrists have recently been helpful in outlining some of the troubles that can be expected and reasonable ways for adults and teen-agers to meet them. Fifteen-year-old Susan Stewart in the film has baffled and worried her mother and father by practically deserting them for her high-school friends and her adored school adviser, Mrs. Soames. But even with her friends there are problems for Susan. A number of important concepts about maturity are woven into the film; unfortunately their impact is dulled by the poor delivery of lines, especially by the adult actors.

"Farewell to Childhood" indicates that Susan's mother can enjoy more of Susan's growth toward adulthood by helping her grow rather than by emphasizing her immaturities. In a final scene, Susan is trying on one of her mother's long lace dresses; the situation is beautifully summed up as Susan smiles radiantly at her newly acquired glamour and the camera pans down to show her saddle oxfords

—From "Let's Go Troop Camping."

Girl Scouts on parade—"development of the individual."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and bobby-sox. This pictorial moment alone gives the film a *raison d'être.*

WHEN SHOULD GROWN-UPS STOP FIGHTS? Produced by the Child Study Department of Vassar College. Distributed by the New York University Film Library, 26 Washington Place, New York 3, N. Y. (10 min.) This is the third in a series entitled "Pre-School Incidents" designed to help student teachers visualize and discuss problems that are typical of nursery school youngsters. It follows the pattern of the earlier two films [*SR* Dec. 8, 1951] in that four sequences are shown and commented upon, then are repeated in full for further visual analysis by the spectator. Here an effort has been made to skip situations which readily indicate a reasonable solution, and to present only doubtful ones. The latter are probably much more commonplace and demand more on-the-spot decisions from teachers. The episodes deal successively with two-, three-, four-, and five-year-olds in regular play activities.

BENJY. Produced and distributed by the Los Angeles Orthopaedic Foundation, 2424 South Flower St., Los Angeles 7, Calif. (30 min.) This year's Academy Award winner in the short documentary classification tells the moving story of a crippled boy whose parents simply cannot accept the fact that he is handicapped. Only an accident brings Benjy to the hospital where doctors uncover his twisted back. Long treatment and several operations could help correct it, but to do that requires getting the consent of Benjy and his parents, conquering Benjy's hostility and his parents' futile fatalistic sense of guilt, and raising increasing amounts of money to pay for the psychological and medical care Benjy needs. The film accomplishes the first two objectives in its story, and ends with a plea for public support to fill the last requirement.

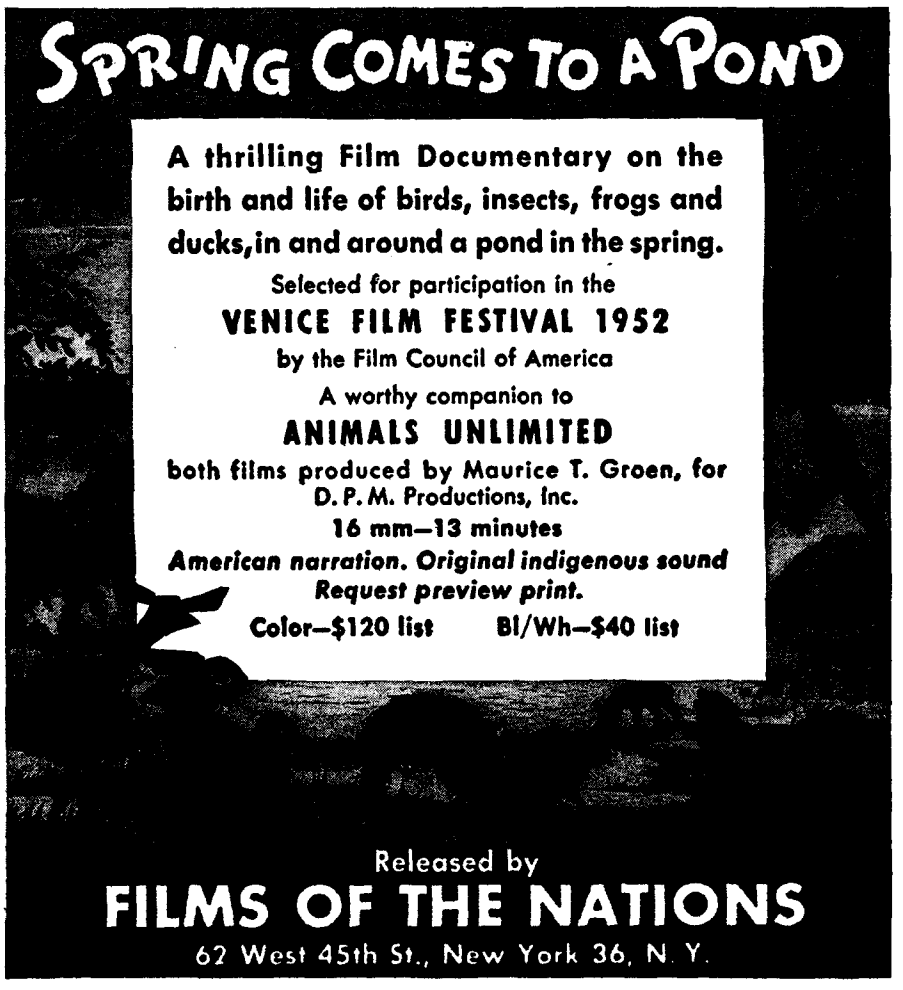
The scenes of medical services come off far better than those of the psychological probings. One long sequence of Benjy being "stretched" and plastercasted is an unforgettably exciting experience. Even shots of an unpleasant operation are easy to take because the film is straightforward and unafraid. This is easily the best fund-raising film of recent years. Congratulations to all who are responsible for it: director Fred Zinneman ("The Men"), writer Stewart, photographer Peverell Marley, narrator Henry Fonda, and the others who contributed their services on behalf of "Benjy."

THE SOCIAL WORKER. Produced by Herbert Kerkow, Inc., for the U. S. Army. Distributed for purchase only by Government Division of United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y. (35 min.)* Through the story of a girl who chooses social work as her profession, this film shows the need for various organized services which in previous less specialized and less harried times were often performed voluntarily and personally by family, friends, and neighbors. After a childhood in a small friendly community the girl in the film (who tells her story in the first person) is amazed to see so many friendless people in the large city where she is working at a routine office job. With her background of concern over other people, she decides to enter postgraduate study at the New York School of Social Work; then after graduation she accepts a position in a home for aged women and helps inaugurate a progressive program there. This latter half of the film is less convincing than the earlier sequences, the aims of social work being more clearly presented than its actual functioning. Such is life!

V FOR VOLUNTEERS. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, in cooperation with the Canadian Welfare Council and the Association of Junior Leagues of America. Distributed by Association Films, Broad at Elm, Ridgefield, N. J. (20 min.) A community cannot pay people to take over all its responsibilities; the quality of its volunteer workers, says this film, is the measure of the real health of a community. Janet Miller, housewife and mother of two school-age children, is busy enough in her "little world at home," but she finds out about volunteer community service when her neighbor Carol asks her to pinch-hit one day in driving needy children to the hospital clinic. As the film progresses Janet discovers the need for volunteers in many kinds of civic activities and the value of a Central Volunteer Bureau in her town. Even her skeptical husband, Dave, gets involved in the reopening of a local youth center.

"V For Volunteers" is an attractive film and will fill the void in many communities as an intelligent, stimulating, and pleasant introduction to volunteer social work. Produced by Tom Daly; directed by Leslie MacFarlane.

LET'S GO TROOP CAMPING. Produced and distributed by the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 155 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. (20 min.) In offering


SPRING COMES TO A POND
A thrilling Film Documentary on the birth and life of birds, insects, frogs and ducks, in and around a pond in the spring.
Selected for participation in the
VENICE FILM FESTIVAL 1952
by the Film Council of America
A worthy companion to
ANIMALS UNLIMITED
both films produced by Maurice T. Groen, for D. P. M. Productions, Inc.
16 mm—13 minutes
American narration. Original indigenous sound
Request preview print.
Color—$120 list
Bl/Wh—$40 list
Released by
FILMS OF THE NATIONS
62 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

specific incentive and instruction to adult leaders who plan camping trips with their groups, this film reviews the necessary preparation and provision for an overnight expedition and makes the work seem fun for all concerned. Beyond these immediate aims, which are well accomplished, the film should also be generally inspiring to women who work in other informal ways with young girls. "Let's Go Troop Camping" was directed by Walter Stern, produced by Carol Hale, and written by Blythe Morley—all of whom have reason to be proud.

—CECILE STARR.

The Mental Health Film Board

Presents

THE PSYCHIATRIC FILMS

YOUR AUDIENCE **WANTS** TO SEE

- Because they are exciting and true-to-life.
- Because they were planned and produced by psychiatrists.
- Because they deal frankly with the roots of human behavior.

The Emotions of Everyday Living

1. Steps of Age
2. Angry Boy
3. Fears of Children
4. Farewell to Childhood
5. Roots of Happiness
6. First Lessons

Awards: Edinburgh, Cleveland and Boston Film Festivals; Robert J. Flaherty and Scholastic Magazine Citations.

To be released soon

THE LONELY NIGHT

RENTAL THROUGH YOUR USUAL FILM SOURCE

For Sale Through

The International Film Bureau, Inc.

57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

KINESIS

Announces

THREE NEW FILMS

MAMBO by JORDAN BELSON

A creative achievement in the abstract color film.

BOP SCOTCH by JORDAN BELSON

An entirely new sort of film; the activated camera.

HOTEL APEX by WELDON KEES

An accomplished exercise in photographic values.

For information and listing of Experimental and Documentary Films

KINESIS

566 COMMERCIAL STREET

SAN FRANCISCO 11, CALIFORNIA

The World's Most Honored Film

Now In 16mm!

Write for Free Folder "S"

Vittorio DE SICA'S

Postwar Masterpiece

BICYCLE THIEF

Brandon Films, Inc. 200 W. 57 St., N.Y. 19

The Film Forum

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

MAN ALIVE. *Produced by United Productions of America for the American Cancer Society, 47 Beaver St., New York 4, N. Y. Available for free loan and for purchase.* (10 *min., color animation*)

Leave it to UPA to make a cancer film that adds up to good health, good sense, and good fun. This cartoon makes the most of animation's multiform possibilities, artistic as well as educational, and it doesn't waste a precious moment of its brief running time.

The point is that when something goes wrong, it's better to consult an expert than a quack. Ed Parmelee is a man who believes in short-cuts. When his automobile develops a peculiar knocking sound, he tries to pretend nothing is wrong. When it finally stops running, he tries a few "guaranteed" remedies first, then takes the car to a back-alley mechanic. When finally he goes to a reputable service station, the engine is so banged up it has to be replaced entirely.

This same Ed Parmelee has stomachaches more often than he likes to admit. Ed knows he should see a doctor for a real check-up, but he's afraid to because something might be wrong. He might have cancer. After he reviews his experience with the auto, and after his wife makes an appointment for him with a reputable M. D., he catches on to the idea that it is wise to do the best thing first instead of last. He learns the real symptoms of cancer, and he learns that when something seems wrong the only person to get proper treatment from is an expert.

Local and state cancer groups have been doing remarkably well in having their films brought to the public eye, and with this film they stand a better than ever chance of winning audience applause. "Man Alive" makes a lively and sensible addition to any kind of adult film program.

BREAST SELF-EXAMINATION. *Produced by Audio Productions for the American Cancer Society; available as above.* (15 *min., color*)

Early detection is the most important factor in cancer cure, and this film shows how women, through a simple monthly health habit, may be on the lookout for possible signs of breast cancer. Starting with a scene of a doctor lecturing to a women's club group, the film goes on to show one woman being examined by her own physician, and then being taught to continue the simple examinations at home each month. The details are repeated again, giving the audience a three-time viewing of the procedure.

While the film applies specifically to women in their forties and over, younger women can gain much from seeing the film, from talking and thinking about it before the worrying stage has a chance to set in. The best asset of "Breast Self-Examination" is its matter-of-fact directness, its quiet and methodical caution about an illness which has most often been presented mainly in loud dramatic terms. The film was directed by Alexander Gansell, written by Earl Pierce, and photographed by Peter Glushanok.

There can be little doubt that this film should be seen by every woman in the country. If you know any that hasn't yet seen it—in business or trade union, club or other group—you'll do an important service in telling them about this uniquely significant film.

THE NATION'S MENTAL HEALTH. *Produced by the March of Time Forum. Distributed for purchase only* by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 300 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.* (18 *min.*)

Much of our present concern about mental health as a national problem stems from the staggeringly high number of men rejected by the armed services during the past war for reasons of emotional and mental ill health. Declared unfit for strenuous military life, they were nevertheless turned back into society.

The film gives an over-all picture of the kinds of treatment that are now available to the mentally ill, and some of the institutions which sponsor effective treatment, as well as a run-through of the training a psychiatrist receives before beginning private practice. It touches briefly upon techniques of dealing with acutely disturbed patients (electric shock, insulin, surgery), and more briefly upon psychoanalysis, drama therapy, occupational therapy, and community mental health clinics. At the close, Dr. George Stevenson, medical director of the National Association for Mental Health, speaks of the important role of the family doctor, the minister, teachers, and parents in fostering emotional and mental well-being.

THAT THE DEAF MAY SPEAK. *Produced by Campus Films for the Lexington School for the Deaf. Distributed by Ideal Pictures, 26 E. Eighth St., Chicago 5, Ill.* (42 *min., color*)

New York City's Lexington School teaches deaf children from pre-school age to the completion of eighth grade and helps them learn to develop and control their voices without being able to hear themselves. This color film shows bits of their school life and the patient training given them. Although not so polished as "My Child is Blind" [*SR* July 12], it does give sympathetic and honest treatment of the problems faced by these handicapped children and their parents. Perhaps even more important it provides a basis for understanding and acceptance of deaf people by those of us who take our sense of hearing quite for granted.

—CECILE STARR.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA FIRST?

THERE seems to be an unusual number of books this year for the middle group and the older boys and girls that are based upon incidents and personalities in American history. The "series" began some time ago with The Land of the Free and was carried on with the Landmark Books. There are at least three new series this fall, some of them stories founded on history, some of them straight biographies. Because books in a series are bound to be uneven in value we present brief reviews of three of the new groups below hoping that they will help the school and public libraries to know something of their objectives and their backgrounds.

Is it altogether wise to give such a large proportion of the time of writers, artists, and editors, and so much of the manufacturing budget, to the American scene? The boys and girls who are growing up today will, inevitably, have to be citizens of the world. Progress in communication, in ease of travel, will give them the whole earth as their background, perhaps regions beyond the earth. Who can tell? There is a lack this year of good, factual stories about boys and girls in other countries. What we need is books that tell about the normal, every-day life of children who live in countries like India and Finland, Turkey and Indonesia and Argentina. We know that they are not easy to find. We hope that the editors of children's books will seek and encourage them.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

Heritage Series

This new venture *(American Heritage Series. New York: Aladdin Books. 192 pp. $1.75 each)* does not avoid the weaknesses of any series written to order rather than felt first and evolved naturally. The workmanship is uneven, some of it is poor, some fair and some excellent. The same holds true of the illustrations, except for the jacket designs, which are uniformly good. **The format is acceptable and the general appearance favorable. The price is slightly higher than that of other series equally good.**

"Wheat Won't Wait," by Adele Gutman Nathan, is the old story of Cyrus McCormick and his reaper, and the retelling is not inspired. Neither is "Printer's Devil," by Emma Gelders Sterne, though it contains considerable information about things during Washington's Administration. August Derleth makes a double bid with "The Country of the Hawk" and "Captive Island." The former is a sympathetic description of the way the Black Hawk War was forced upon the peace-loving Sacs by white settlers, the latter is the little-known story of Mackinac Island in the War of 1812. Neither book will keep youngsters up nights, but when they get to "Over-Mountain Boy," by William O. Steele, they will have better fare, a bang-up story of Tennessee in Revolutionary days. It is more than a yarn about Tories, Indians, and Britishers for it contains much about the every-day life of the pioneers. By comparison, "Passage to Texas," by Iris Vinton is mild as milk. But things pick up with "Jed Smith, Trail Blazer," by Frank B. Latham. It is a good introduction to that prince of Mountain Men, the first American to reach California from the east, to cross the Sierras and Great Salt Lake Desert from the west and to travel by land from Monterey to Vancouver. Jed always carried a Bible, but the characters in "Cowman's Kingdom," by Edmund Collier, had room for guns only back in Wyoming when the big cattlemen and the little ranchers were at war. It is a Western that pulls no punches. By contrast, "Back of Beyond," by George Cory Franklin, pulls them all. In spite of an ideal setup in the Colorado mining country of the Seventies, things never come to a boil. The outlaws don't get bumped off, the Indians don't really cut loose, the settlers never fight tooth-and-nail to save their homes.

—By Paul Galdone for "Moccasin Trail."

But down in Texas, when American pioneers were getting free from Mexico, things were different. Here is the best book of the series, "Ladd of the Lone Star," by Allan R. Bosworth. In addition to an outstanding boy and a marvelous horse, the heroes are all there, Bowie, Crockett, Travis, Deaf Smith, Austin, and Houston. The historical background is ample, though not overburdened with detail, and its high spots, the defense of the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto, are handled with admirable restraint and vigor.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

Adventure Books

This *(Winston Adventure Books. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.50)* is a new series of adventure stories based upon incidents or personalities in American history. They are written by well-known authors and illustrated by well-known artists. They are directed toward younger boys and girls than The Land of the Free series.

A BOY FOR A MAN'S JOB. By Nina Brown Baker. Illustrated by E. F. Corteste. 179 *pp.*

The story of Auguste Chonteau who, setting out from New Orleans in a canoe with an Indian comrade, paddled up the Mississippi and played his part of the founding of the city of St. Louis.

DRUMMER OF VINCENNES. By George Arms Sentman. Illustrated by John Gretzer. 181 *pp.*

The adventures of Rusty Carter who went as a drummer boy with the expedition that set out to capture Vincennes from the British in 1779.

LITTLE GIANT OF THE NORTH. By Alida Malkus. Illustrated by J. Hyde Barnum. 178 *pp.*

The dramatic story of Henry Kelsey, who made friends with the Indians and gained, through their good will, a vast fortune in furs for the Hudson's Bay Company.

A PIRATE FLAG FOR MONTEREY. By Lester Del Ray. Illustrated by Donald E. Cooke. 178 *pp.*

An exciting, sometimes melodramatic tale of the pirate Bouchard

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the sack of Monterey. The hero is a New England boy.

LITTLE WOLF SLAYER. By Donald E. Cooke. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz.

The story of the first Quaker settlement along the Delaware River in 1682.

MOSQUITOES IN THE BIG DITCH. By Roger Burlingame. Illustrated by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van. 177 pp.

Louis Martin fought the deadly yellow fever with Dr. Gorgas during the construction of the Panama Canal in 1905. It is a very well-written story, convincing in detail and background and constantly interesting.

They Made America

This (*"They Made America" Series. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. $3.50*) is a series of biographies of famous Americans, directed to the older boys and girls. They are under the editorship of Cecile Hulse Matschat, Carl Carmer, Allan Nevins, and Lewis Paul Todd. They will be reviewed individually in later numbers of Books for Young People.

GENERAL BILLY MITCHELL. By Roger Burlingame.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, Soldier in the West. By Walter Havighurst.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Nation Builder. By Nathan Schachner.

RED JACKER, LAST OF THE SENECA. By Arthur Parker.

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, Artist and Patriot. By Berta N. Briggs.

STEPHEN AUSTIN, Father of Texas. By Carleton Beals.

Other Books

THUNDERHEAD MOUNTAIN. By Margaret Ann Hubbard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 204 pp. $2.75.

This story of Kip McKee and his Indian comrade, Cloudy, is woven around the carving of the huge figure of Crazy Horse, the Sioux warrior, on the face of Thunderhead Mountain by the sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski. Kip's father is Ziolkowski's assistant in the tremendous undertaking. As the action develops there is misunderstanding and then a growing friendship between the Indian and the white boy. There is, too, great interest in the sculptor and in the carving that emerges from the mountain. It is an unusual story and one well worth reading.

WILD STALLION. By Bud Murphy. Illustrated by William Moyers. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 172 pp. $2.50.

Boys and girls who have read and reread Will James's "Smokey" will find this story almost as good. It is told by one of the cowboys who helps to find and capture the splendid wild Palomino stallion that has been "stealing" the trained horses from the Western ranches for a long period of time. The attempt is financed by an Eastern "dude" rancher. But it is "bossed" by wise, independent, old Red Saunders—one of the cattlemen.

The long hunt and the final capture is told in great detail and the interest never flags. Humor runs all through it, as when Jones—one of the cowboys—describes a dude ranch in this way:

"Dude ranchin', you kin have thet. Ain't nothin' worse. I worked for a feller one time had a dude ranch. Spent half my time histin' a fat lady on and off a hoss. First she wants on. Then she wants off. And she ain't off five minutes and she wants on again. Naw, sir. You kin have thet."

All through it, too, runs Bud Murphy's love for the mountains and his power to describe them. There is an almost poetical beauty of wording in some of the descriptions. This is a book that is sure to be popular among young people whose liking for what they call "Westerns" has never waned.

CHEROKEE BILL, OKLAHOMA PACER. By Jean Bailey. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 191 pp. $2.50.

A pioneer story, this tells of young David Rutledge who went with his

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH IN DWELLY LANE *F. V. Morley* (Harper: $2.75)	British country life picks up zip when odd lot of sophisticated crooks get in each other's hair.	Whimsied piece of bric-a-brac; much good spoofery; nice yarn underneath all.	High I.Q. fun
LOOK BEHIND YOU, LADY *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.50)	English rural residential club, full of odd guests, natural setting for killing; Yarder goes to work.	Earnest job, but story is overloaded with people who never quite come into focus.	Confused
THE INTIMATE JOURNAL OF WARREN WINSLOW *Jean Leslie* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Calif. novelist, jealous type, involves self in high crime; writes all about it.	Emotional situation overdone; diary medium seems unfortunate choice.	No medals
ALAN HYND'S MURDER *Alan Hynd* (DS&P: $3)	Dozen fact cases (U.S.-Can.), 1900 to present; nine likely to be new to most devotees.	Good collection, good detection, but telling marred by wordiness and wisecracks.	Plus and minus
LADIES' BANE *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Fog-bound British miss tumbles down steps, winds up in manse with curse on it.	Aging Miss Silver (knitting detective) beats, cops again but takes her time about it.	Pleasant but slow
OSCAR SLATER: THE GREAT SUSPECT *Peter Hunt* (British Book Centre: $2.75)	Fact survey of famous miscarriage of justice which brought Conan Doyle into lists; much new material.	Excellent retelling by a competent and painstaking authority.	For dyed-in-blood fans
.38 *William Ard* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Timothy Dane, pvt. eye, runs into Grade A hoods (N. Y.-N. J. variety) while pursuing miss.	Chase never merry but always active; has its goofy moments.	Toughie, with sex

—SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents to the Kansas-Oklahoma border to claim land when the famous Cherokee Strip was opened. David's fortune was bound up with a stray horse that he found and protected. Cherokee Bill turned out to be a lucky find for David. A good story with natural convincing characters, this is especially good in background and atmosphere.

MOCCASIN TRAIL. By Eloise Jarvis McGraw. New York: Coward-McCann. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

This might be classified as a story that tells the effect of environment on character. Jim Keath runs away from his Missouri home at the age of eleven, and follows his uncle into the West. The uncle is killed by Indians and Jim is horribly mauled by a bear. He is cared for by the Crow Indians and for six years lives with them as the adopted son of one of the squaws. Then the call of his white blood stirs in him. For two years he lives in the mountains with old Tom, the white trapper, trapping beaver. Word comes to him that his father and mother are dead, that his younger brother, Jonathan, and his sister with the baby of the family, Daniel, are on their way in a convey of covered wagons to the Williamette Valley in Oregon. They need Jim to take up the land claim because Jonathan is only seventeen, too young to sign it legally. Jim joins them and the rest of the story is the record of his conflict. It is a struggle between his blood and his inheritance and the strong hold of the Indian life and the independence that he has known for so long.

Jim always is a strong and often deeply appealing character. It is little Daniel who finally brings him back into the normal relationship with Jonathan and with Sally. The tie between Jim and Daniel is shown with real power and restraint. This is, on the whole, an outstanding story of the Far West in the middle part of the nineteenth century.

PUT DEMOCRACY TO WORK. By Ruth H. Wagner and Ivah E. Green. New York: Henry Schuman. 132 *pp.* $3.

In the kind of world we live in it is important that American boys and girls know the meaning of the word democracy, that they grasp the meaning that it had to the Founding Fathers who formed our Constitution and the Bill of Rights. This book tells them in a clear and objective way just what democracy means not only to Americans, but what it might mean to the peoples of the world. It tells, very simply, the history of democracy from the Greeks onward. It shows the strength and weakness of the ideas embodied in Communism and the effect upon the whole world of the totalitarian regimes. It brings out the organizations that represent the best in democratic living, both in the United States and in the world organizations. It is addressed throughout to the individual child. Each boy or girl who reads it thoughtfully must find in it a challenge and a responsibility. It is illustrated with well-selected photographs.

BIG FAMILY OF PEOPLES. By Irmegarde Eberle. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 243 *pp.* $3.

It would probably be a rare boy or girl who would read this book by their own volition; but it has a good deal to offer in their study of history and anthropology. In it, Miss Eberle traces the story of the races of mankind, showing how the wandering tribes in the very early days of history became nations; how races mixed with other races forming the mixed groups and the nationalities that exist today. Its main theme, that "all men are brothers," is emphasized by the facts of history as she relates them.

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE 1952 ANNUAL. Editor: E. V. McLoughlin. New York: The Grolier Society. 424 *pp.* $4.95.

The year book for 1952 is especially interesting. There is an article on "Good Farming and Wild Life" by Louis Bromfield that will particularly interest animal-loving boys and girls. There is one on "Winter Ways" of animals by Roy Chapman Andrews. "The Challenge of the Airship" by Admiral Rosendahl will appeal to older boys, as will the article on earthquakes by Father Lynch of Fordham University.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK FIELD

by *Jean Poindexter Colby*

The editing, writing, illustration and production of children's books described in detail by one of the outstanding editors in the field. A thorough, practical book, it gives a clear, concise view of "behind the scenes" in publishing and contains scores of pointers for beginning authors, artists and book sellers.

Send $3.50 for your copy to

JUNIOR REVIEWERS
Newton Centre 59, Mass.

The Life Story of Thousands of Words

Word Origins and their Romantic Stories

BY WILFRED FUNK, LITT.D.

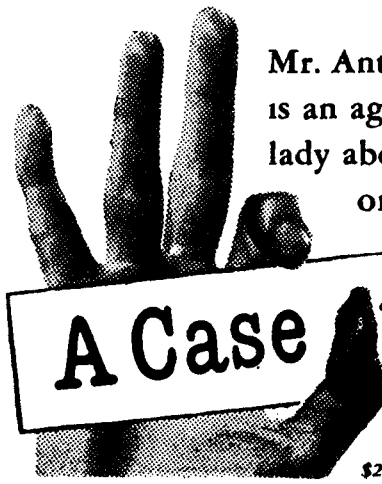
"Excellent and invaluable" — Dale Carnegie

"Engrossing" — Lowell Thomas

$4.95 *at all bookstores*
WILFRED FUNK, INC.
33 West 46 Street, New York 36

New Manuscripts Welcome

In expanding its lists, a leading publishing house is seeking manuscripts of distinct merit in the fields of political science, economics, sociology, and related social sciences. Correspondence regarding manuscripts believed suitable for consideration in this connection is invited. Address Box L-643.



Mr. Anthony Crook's latest client is an aggressively respectable maiden lady about to be either a murderess or a murderee

A Case for Mr. Crook

By ANTHONY GILBERT
author of *The Wrong Body*
$2.50 *A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 27*)

to fill the covers of a whole volume. As often as we are rewarded with insights, we are frustrated by the lack of them. The boy Saroyan wrestles with the problem of death. Then the bell rings, and he goes into the dining-room to eat supper. So what? That may not be his concern as a writer. It is our concern as readers.

Neither in his thinking nor in his composition is Saroyan willing to take the pains of reaching for continuity or generalization. The simple declaratives that serve in the construction of a good sentence become pallid and repetitious stretched through a book. Innocence verges on the lack of cultivation and occasionally becomes the excuse for carelessness.

"My writing is careless," says Saroyan, "but all through it is something that is good." What is this thing? "It is love of this lousy world and of this terrible life, which in the end must become for each of us old and rotten." That accounts for the good. Does it justify the carelessness?

In the end we are led to speculate about Saroyan himself, become famous and known to millions, as he twice informs us in these pages. "The tiger in this book is love," he proclaims; and indeed the book is full of love. But I cannot find the aspects of the tiger. Playfulness, a certain irresponsible charm, and promiscuity of affections seem rather the attributes of the kitten. The tiger and the kitten are both interesting; only, the tiger is never boring.

We were not altogether conscious in the 1930's, when the millions first read of the young man on the flying trapeze, of the strain of sentimentality that permeated the literature of the decade. Perhaps we were misled by the appearance of realism in the subject matter. In retrospect, the indiscriminate idealization of the commonplace and the reiterated assurance that love is busting out all over may be one of the most significant features of the thinking of the times. For better or worse, a good many writers were affected, Saroyan most of all. In that connection, "The Bicycle Riders of Beverly Hills" is evocative of reminiscence in a sense its author did not intend.

Les Temps Modernes
REVUE MENSUELLE
DIRECTEUR : JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
One-Year Subscription (12 issues).....$10.00

la Gazette des Lettres
INTELLIGENCE DU MONDE
One-Year Subscription (12 issues).....$5.00
PARIS PUBLICATIONS
FRENCH REVUES & MAGAZINES
SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE
153 W. 72nd St., N. Y. 23, N. Y. TR 4-7461

AUTHOR'S OPPORTUNITY
As established, reputable publishers, we can publish, promote and sell your book if it has literary merit. Send for our FREE book, PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK, for full information—at no obligation.
COMET PRESS BOOKS, *Publishers*
Dept. SRL 11 West 42 St. N. Y. 36, N. Y.

5000 TITLES POCKET SIZE BOOKS
NEW! CATALOG
40 PAGES • ALL PUBLISHERS
Fiction, science, hobbies, art, sports, classics, biography, sex, etc. Now! read books you've always wanted. Many $2 to $5 reprints. Send 25¢ for only complete catalog, refundable with first order.
HANDY SIZE BOOKS
Dept. D, Box 49, N. Y. 19.

NO LUCK FINDING A PUBLISHER?
Do you have a book-length manuscript you would like to have published? Learn about our unusual plan whereby your book can be published, promoted and distributed on a professional basis. We consider all types of work, such as fiction, biography, poetry, scholarly and religious books, etc. New authors welcome. For more information, write for valuable booklet FF. It's free.
Vantage Press, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, 28

Personal History Notes

MR. FIX-IT: In that part of the country where free enterprise is a matter of personal survival rather than a political catchphrase, Homer Whimpleton not only survived but prospered. He belonged to a breed of men with whom tinkering is a paying career as well as an incurable habit. His kind of ingenuity, doggedness, and manual skill, magnified somewhat, produced the Model T and electric light. Unlike Ford and Edison, he never went to the trouble of patenting his inventions, which served the pragmatic purpose of making life more comfortable, and frequently more amusing, for the inhabitants of his corner of Maine.

It isn't every fix-it-man who can contrive a bicycle out of a few lengths of pipe, convert a cigar box into a playing violin, or construct a Rube Goldberg contraption which feeds chickens automatically. Homer's neighbors could always count on him for an original, if not always successful, method of taming a kicking cow, mending a broken plow, or trapping a prowling skunk or chicken thief. With Yankee shrewdness he bartered his way through a succession of vehicles, from an early Stanley Steamer to a motorcycle and Model T. When a wife and twins happened to Homer, he fed them regularly by turning out birdhouses, playhouses, clocks, and boats. During the war years, when new machinery and parts were unavailable, his tinkering paid off. But he was never too busy to take on a challenging job like the modelling of a wooden leg for a poor spinster.

In describing Homer's multiple exploits in **"Homer the Handyman"** (Crowell, $3), Preble D. K. Hatch has produced an entertaining, if minor, piece of Americana.

—RAY PIERRE.

WOMEN BEHIND BARS: To write a factual account of prison life Joan Henry, a British novelist, stood trial at the Old Bailey and had herself committed to jail for a year, or eight months with good behavior. Part of her sentence was served at Holloway, a tough, fortress type of prison. It was a harrowing experience, to say the least. Unpalatable food, deplorable cells, and the utter monotony and degradation of their existence gave hardened criminals good cause to nurture their grudge against society. The fear, remorse, and despair of first offenders were brutally aggravated by inhuman jailers.

Of a different order was the enlightened prison without bars at York, to which the author was eventually transferred. The only institution of its kind in England, it was operated along the lines of a strict boarding school. While its inmates were far from pampered, humane treatment and useful work did much to restore their self-respect and their desire to reform.

In **"Women in Prison"** (Doubleday, $2.50), Miss Henry has done a fair piece of reportage in recording the speech and behavior of her jailmates whose crimes ranged from the pathetic to the grotesque and horrible. But her book fails to shed any particularly new light on a problem that has long perplexed public and penologists alike. Its choppy, flat style further reduces its effectiveness.

—R. P.

MOUNTAIN-TOWN SCHOOLMARM: When a young girl graduate from an Eastern college takes on a teaching assignment in a Colorado mountain town (population, 497), she is bound to encounter problems for which all her education courses do not prepare her. Fortunately, Nancy Lester was gifted with common sense, sympathy, humor, and a youthful zest for tackling the unexpected. She set out to teach English and Spanish to as "ornery" a class of students as a bunch of untamed colts. Why should they waste time conjugating irregular verbs when the study of farm machinery and home economics would prove more useful to their imminent careers as farmers, ranchers, and their wives? Why bother reading Shakespeare or Shelley, when there

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is poetry in the mountains surrounding the hamlet with the improbable name of Angel Town?

Miss Lester discovered that high-school sophomores can recite the Declaration of Independence by heart but do not comprehend a word of it (how many adults do?), that English grammar is a foreign tongue, and that Rodeo Day, basketball, the New Year's dance, and PTA bazaar incapacitated the entire school for further study. But she wisely learned to adapt pedagogical rules to the special needs of her charges, and to temper discipline with understanding. In the end, she succumbed not only to the lure of the landscape but to the rugged, independent character of Angel Town's people. Miss Lester's use of the diary form to report on all this in **"Stranger in Angel Town"** (Dodd, Mead, $3), although it seems a lazy method of avoiding the technical problems of a connected story, does not detract from the appeal of her engaging book.

—R. P.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

Of *The Saturday Review* published weekly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Nathan Cohn, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.; J. R. Cominsky, Norman Cousins, E. L. DeGolyer, Marshall Field, Harrison Smith, World Literary Projects, Inc., E. L. DeGolyer, Jr. all of 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.) 112,748

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1952. Nathan Cohn. (My commission expires March 30, 1953.)

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

WRITING? Recommended leading authors, publishers, for editing, criticism, collaboration, research, translation, secretarial services. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC. Circle 5-7735.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ARTICLES, Speeches, Club Papers written. Marketing advice. Research. EVANS PARKER SERVICE, 40 Oak St., Ramsey, N.J.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Specialists in Theses, Books, Plays. MSS delivery and pickup to publishers and magazines. Free Booklets. Announcing $10,000 Prize Contest for books, fiction and nonfiction. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED intelligently and accurately. PATRICIA GRUMAN, 5652 Virginia Ave., Chicago 45, Illinois.

FRENCH-ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS AND RESEARCH. High quality. Gentleman. Box L-600.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS! Literary agents 32 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

GHOSTWRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

ESTABLISHED LITERARY AGENT, seeking to fill publishers' requests, offers marketing services to established and newer authors. Excellent editorial contacts for the placement of your book, story, article, verse, juvenile, plays, etc. Literary services available and include: editing, constructive criticism, technical revision, and ghostwriting. Send for brochure S. FRANK Q. BRADY, Literary Agent, 55 West 42 St., NYC 18.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Avenue, NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

CLASSIFIED

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

SCARCE BOOKS LOCATED. Address "wants" to BOOKMAILERS, Wood-Ridge, New Jersey.

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOK-FINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

LANGUAGES

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR teaches Spanish, French, Italian; practical, conversational approach; opera diction. ARTHUR IMERTI, NYC. TRafalgar 3-8800.

LISTEN—LEARN AT HOME to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian, Japanese—any of 29 languages by Linguaphone World's Standard Conversational Method. Save time, work, money. It's quick, easy, fun. Send for FREE book. Call for FREE demonstration. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2610 Radio City, NYC 20. Circle 7-0829.

TRANSLATIONS, TUTORING, TYPING. University Geneva graduate. Spanish, French, German. Box L-574.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N.J.

COMPLETE MAIL-ORDER LP SERVICE—same day shipments. Records guaranteed all brand new. Catalogue 15¢ deductible from first order. DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB, Box B-99.

EXCEPTIONAL RECORD SERVICE: LP and 45 RPM records. No charge for postage. New releases and Specials issued monthly. Send for FREE comprehensive catalogue today. MOREC MAIL, Inc., 326 Park Row Building, NYC 7.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKS

NEW AND USED: All subjects, reference books, dictionaries, sets; many others. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn. We buy books.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES and PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMES, 32 volumes. MACLEHOSE EDITION, 1905. Immaculate. Best offer. Box L-552.

SAVE 50% to 80%. Send for FREE bargain catalogue No. 381-SR. UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 123 East 24 St., NYC 10.

DIANETICS and SCIENTOLOGY books for sale, wholesale—retail. Lists available. HDA training. HUBBARD DIANETIC FOUNDATION, P. O. Box 116, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

WORTHWHILE USED BOOKS. Postal brings 1,700 interesting books. ABBAY BOOK & SEARCH SERVICE, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

NEW ENGLAND ANCESTORS? Then you should own "History of New London," Caulkins, $7.50; "History of Connecticut," Trumbull, 2 volumes, $5; "Old Houses of Norwich," Perkins, $10. THE CRANSTON Co., Norwich, Conn. Booksellers since 1840.

VOTERS, have you been nauseated lately? For sheer nausea, a Saturday Review-er recommends DON'T VOTE —'TIL YOU READ THIS. The publishers invite you to buy a copy at $1.25, with the assurance you won't be nauseated unless you are enceinte. AUSTIN-PHELPS, 200 East 37 St., NYC 16.

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

BOOKS

FOR HERMANN HESSE'S 75th Birthday: "Gesammelte Dichtungen;" 6 volumes on rice paper, approximately 5,000 pages, cloth. $22. Only a small edition has been published. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller & Importer, 100 West 72 St., NYC 23, Dept. 22.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES, free samples, brochures—America's most unusual designs. RAPP STUDIOS, 150 West 34 St., NYC 1.

PERSONALS

INSTITUTO ALLENDE—Arts, crafts for hobbyists and professionals. Room and board from $2 daily. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town, superb climate. For illustrated prospectus write to Stirling Dickinson, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico.

GAMBIT—Most exciting periodical event since Luce met Boothe. Third issue: Wendell Wilcox's First Prize Short Story; "Chaplin, Guinness, and the Critics;" "The Writer and Politics;" Poetry, E. E. Cummings, Babette Deutsch, others. $1.50 year. Sample 25¢. 351 East 56 St., NYC 22.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN seeks permanent position Guatemala. Nursemaid, cook, housekeeper, typist, bookkeeper. Fluent Spanish. Small salary. References. Box 41, Cedarhurst, Long Island.

UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR of Spanish interested in new horizons—U.S., abroad. Box L-618.

MANUSCRIPTS DUPLICATED exactly by new photo process. Same day or overnight. 5¢ per page. OVERNIGHT DUPLICATION SERVICE, 57 West 45 St., 1A, NYC. LUxemburg 2-0840.

MALE, single, 30, desires position secretary—light stenography. Box L-633.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN Enthusiasts—A new G & S Production "Study Guide" by Warren Lee Terry. Uses Pinafore as example. Seven color plates. $1. CHORAL & ORGAN ENTERPRISES, 166 West 48 St., NYC.

MILLINERY. Designer's samples. Reasonable. RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., Third floor, NYC. ORegon 5-2598.

EDITOR, female, wants staff position on quality publication. Experience distinguished national periodical. Good writing, responsible judgment. Excellent education, arts and sciences. Box L-632.

FRAYED BY COMPROMISE—floundering (noxious sport), young man would discover ideal: 1-3 years quiet, SOLITARY, residence job allowing 6 undisturbed hours daily for personal work. Box L-630.

NOT A DUDE RANCH—2 ex-teachers will rent charming guest house to 2 pleasant people. Modern housekeeping conveniences. Magnificent scenery. Restful but not dull. $75 per month. Meals if desired. Elsie Toles, Portal (near Douglas), Arizona.

YOUNG MAN, 29, well-educated, widely traveled, fluent Spanish, French and Italian, author of various published articles on travel and the arts, seeks interesting position. Box L-627.

MAN, 38, at present business executive, wants to change position. Business experience 17 years, college graduate, master's degree English and History. Languages: French, Japanese. Married, 1 child. Capable, intelligent, willing to undertake responsibility. Location immaterial. Salary requirements: $9,000. References. Box L-626.

EX-UNIVERSITY TEACHER, Ph.D. in English, veteran, seeks gratifying occupation, preferably altruistic. Box L-625.

PERSONALS

PAINT IN 1 HOUR BY CONSTANCE GORDON METHOD. Send $1 for completely illustrated booklet—or join Penthouse Classes—171 West 71 St., NYC. ENdicott 2-3681.

ROOM TO RENT in NYC apartment (East 23 St.) Kitchen privileges. Box L-638.

SUNDAY PAINTERS—PHOTOBUGS' TRIPS TO COUNTRY. Transportation, materials, instructions furnished. Telephone Constance Gordon at ENdicott 2-3681 (NYC).

SCANDINAVIAN CHRISTMAS CARDS, delightful, English messages; 12, assorted, $1. SWEDEN HOUSE GIFT SHOP, Rockford, Illinois.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, Washington, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢-$1. All fields; postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Hempstead, N.Y.

TEACHER PIANO, COMPOSITION. New York, suburbs. Graduate JUILLIARD. Long experience. Reasonable. Box L-533.

CREATIVE HERALDRY. Personalized Coats of Arms, beautifully colored; historical, whimsical. $15 up. Write for brochure. Box L-595.

SEE EUROPE FREE by organizing tour groups in your community or college. Write EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATES, P.O. Box 506, Plainfield, N.J.

WANTED: LOVING ARMS AND EMPTY SHELVES for our Sensational Book Bargains; Write for FREE catalogue! OLD PROF'S BOOK SHOP, 9 West Lawrence St., Pontiac 15, Mich.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $10.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo, 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

YOURS ALONE—Your house in Pen and Ink Sketch on Note paper, Playing cards, or Christmas greetings. TIFFT, 286 Tifft Road, Dover, N.H.

MAIS OUI! It's fun! Speak French in 12 intensive lessons. Parisian, NYC. MUrray Hill 5-4160.

ART IN MINIATURE! Fifty different colorful stamps from the world's smallest and oldest republic, only 25¢. Other offers included. Box L-550.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17, ELdorado 5-7300.

DRAMATISTS: Awards, possible production, double critiques; deadline March 1. Address inquiries: DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Box 200 Z, Stanford, Calif.

TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS, bath; 72 Street and Riverside Drive. Telephone TRafalgar 3-4257 (NYC).

YALE GRADUATE, 27, veteran, writing, desires night work—chauffeur, laborer, bodyguard, craftsman, decorator, waiter, butler, anything in NYC! Personable, wide experience, well read, traveled, strong, presentable. References. Box L-624.

LIBRARIAN, B.A., B.S. in L.S., mature, varied experience, desires change. East, Northeast, Middle West. Present job assistant director in medium-sized public library. Box L-623.

WHY THINGS HAPPEN. Troubled about personal misfortunes—unhappy world conditions? This inspiring book, THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE, by Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), will help answer your questions. 640 pages, 25¢ postpaid. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Section 7, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

BOOK STORE FOR SALE

NEW ENGLAND CITY of 50,000, store established 25 years. Price under $10,000, excellent reason for selling. Box L-615.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SEVEN-ROOM BRICK HOUSE, 8 acres, 3 miles from Asheville. Views. Mrs. Angel, 16 Broadway, Asheville, N.C.

CONNECTICUT PARADISE for professional man or artist or writer. Commuting distance from New York. 7-acre rustic retreat. 36-foot, pine-paneled living room opening out on large terrace. 5 bedrooms. Separate cottage for studio-library. Woodland acres with 1-room guest cottage in woods. Grape arbor, wisteria arbors, prize flower gardens, fruit trees, vegetable gardens. Clay tennis court in top playing condition. Sacrificing at $50,000. Box K-985.

PEACHAM, VERMONT. Beautiful country place—5 bedrooms, bath and 2 lavatories, 3 fireplaces, large screened porch, completely furnished. Rumpus barn, 2 acres, ample water supply. Excellent condition. $13,500. Inquire: Town Clerk, Peacham, Vermont.

TIDEWATER SECTION, VIRGINIA. Retirement homes, estates, farms, on and near water. Inquiry invited. CAPT. H. C. ROBINSON, USN (Ret.), Broker, White Stone, Va.

TWO-ACRE ESTATE. Privacy, quiet, river view, unique granite house—3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Harmon commuting. $36,500. Telephone Fiske at Ossining 2-1531M (N.Y.)

RANCH HOUSE DESIGNED BY ARTIST-OWNER, Darien, Conn. Unique planning, quality equipment, 2 bedrooms. Large trees. $23,000. Box L-640.

For Rent

SOUTHPORT, CONNECTICUT. For winter or by the year. On the water. House with large living-dining room, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, oil burner, fireplace, 2-car garage, view, furnished. Telephone, NYC, FAirfield 9-2384 Saturdays, Sundays; MUrray Hill 6-4600, extension 257, weekdays, 9-5 P.M.

SECLUDED HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY yearns for loving winter occupant while awaiting suitable buyer. Writer preferred by writer-owner. You pay fuel and utilities . . . perhaps nominal rent. Box L-620.

OFF BEATEN PATH—Eleuthera, Governor's Harbour, Bahamas. Fascinating old seaside home, restored, completely furnished; 3 double-bedrooms, servants' quarters additional; $2,000 winter season. Todd, Amberson Ave., Pittsburgh 32, Pa.

VACATIONS

NOSTALGIC sea-country Inn. Personably yours. American Plan $7-$10. Brochure. SHORE DRIVE MANOR, Magnolia, Mass.

EAST HOOK—deer country—continental cuisine—adults. Hopewell Junction, N.Y.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

NAIDNI-ON-DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Join us for your holiday. Good swimming, canoeing, fishing; extra good food. No planned entertainment.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

AUTUMN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Blazing foliage. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT. Ideal, all-year living, charming Inn estate, near center of village. Home atmosphere, fireplaces, music, television, evening snacks. Moderate rates. BEE and THISTLE INN.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate. Delightful walks midst woods and rolling hills. Horses, golf nearby. Country auctions. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful fall vacationland. Excellent accommodations. Restful, sports. Friendly informality. Delicious meals. Telephone South Londonderry 14-2. Folder.

FESTIVAL HOUSE for Fall Foliage. Ideal weekend, vacation. European Plan. Telephone Lenox, Massachusetts 367 W.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 968

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

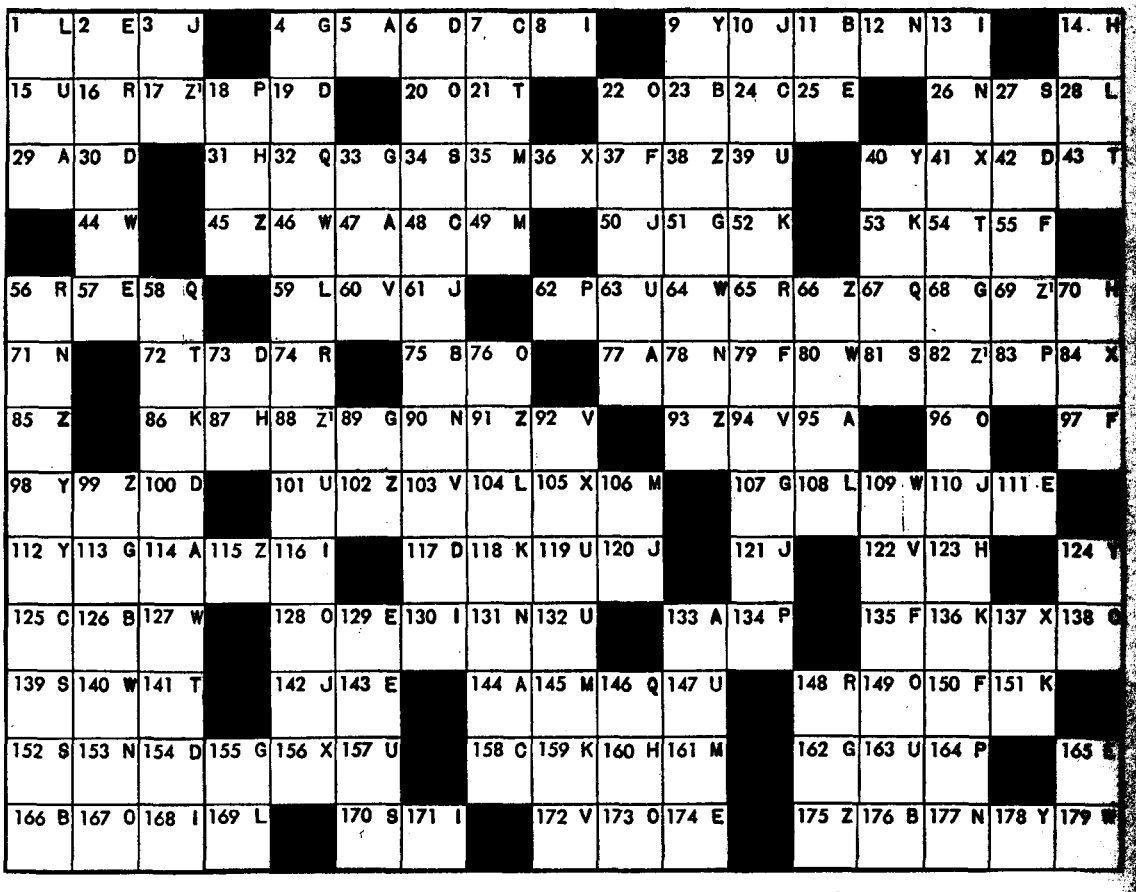
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A kind of riding breeches that fit closely from the knees to above the ankles.	144 133 114 5 77 29 47 95
B. A widely distributed genus of ichneumon flies, infesting caterpillars of moths.	23 126 75 11 176 166
C. Among the Anglo-Saxons, domestic slaves of a certain class.	158 24 7 125 48
D. A basic borosilicate commonly occurring in greenish crystals (mineral.).	19 73 30 154 100 6 117 42
E. Draws in air.	129 143 2 57 165 174 25 111
F. Non-playing manager of the Giants, National Leauge baseball team, 1907-32.	55 97 37 79 150 135
G. "Man of Bath", original of a character in a Fielding novel.	51 68 113 162 155 89 4 33 107
H. Hairy cirrus clouds that precede tropical hurricanes.	31 14 70 87 123 160
I. First baseman, New York American League, 1923 to 1939 (in Hall of Fame).	130 171 13 116 168 8
J. One of Aran Islands, Galway Bay, Ireland.	121 120 142 50 10 3 110 61
K. A long-haired herding dog of Russian breed.	136 52 151 86 53 159 118
L. Baseball pitcher for Brooklyn who pitched a no-hit game against the N.Y. N.L. team, June 22, 1891.	169 28 104 108 1 59
M. Concord.	145 106 35 49 161

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Automobile manufacturer who gave one of their cars to "The most valued player of the year" in both Leagues, 1911-1914.	12 131 26 90 153 78 177 71
O. Town on the Mekong River in E. Siam.	138 149 76 20 22 173 128 96 167
P. Kingdom in Arabia whose capital is San'a.	164 62 83 18 134
Q. Character in title of novel by Thomas Hardy.	67 32 58 146
R. English dramatist (1652-85; "Venice Preserved," his masterpiece).	65 148 56 16 74
S. Tedious; tiresome.	27 81 34 139 152 170
T. Non-playing manager of N.Y. N.L., 1900 (Hall of Fame plaque lists him as greatest catcher of 19th century).	21 72 54 43 141
U. Figuratively, disastrous consequences.	163 63 132 101 39 15 119 147 157
V. Word used for "Jehovah" by modern scholars.	92 94 60 172 103 122
W. Kinship.	109 64 80 46 140 44 127 179
X. Lying beneath or in the lower part.	36 105 156 41 84 137
Y. To treat (one) with obsequious deference.	124 112 9 178 98 40
Z. Removed the epidermis of, as in making chamois skin (leather mfg.).	91 175 45 102 99 93 115 66 38 85
Z¹. A famous Hebrew scribe, 5th cent. B.C. (Bib.).	69 17 82 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No finer Scotch in *any* century

The year 1827 belongs to history. For in that year, Scotland's internationally famous *Edradour Distillery* began to produce something not only of interest to historians, but to Scotch drinkers the world over. Today, as in the last century—or *any* century—there is not a finer Scotch available than King's Ransom.

King's Ransom

"ROUND THE WORLD"
SCOTCH

G'S RANSOM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 94 PROOF. INTERNATIONAL BRANDS, INC., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED